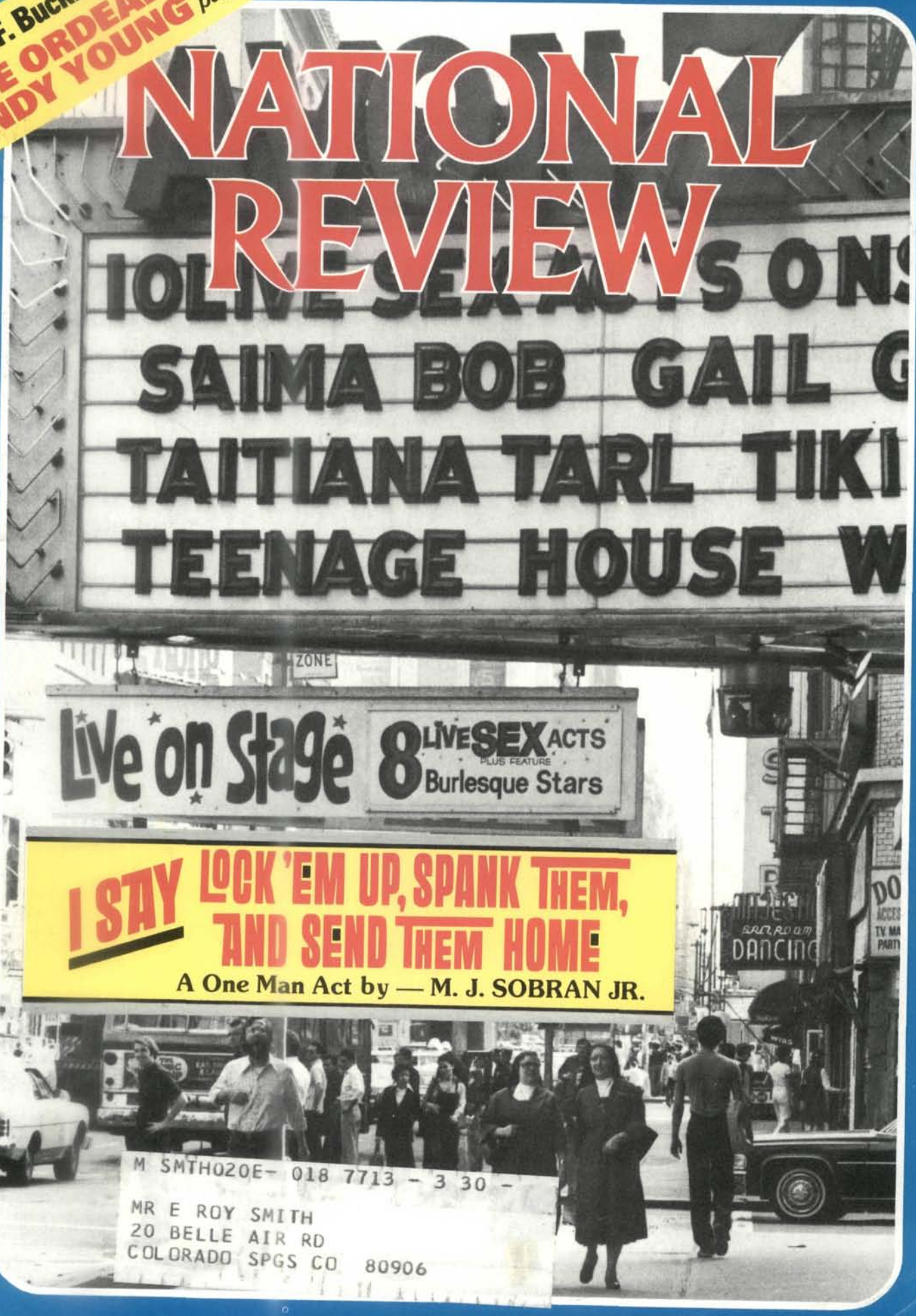
JUNE 24, 1977

...n. F. Buckley Jr. on...
THE ORDEAL OF ANDY YOUNG
see page 740

# NATIONAL REVIEW




## I SAY LOCK 'EM UP, SPANK THEM, AND SEND THEM HOME

A One Man Act by — M. J. SOBRAN JR.

M SMTH020E- 018 7713 - 3 30 -
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

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Box or menthol:

# Carlton is lowest.

## See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

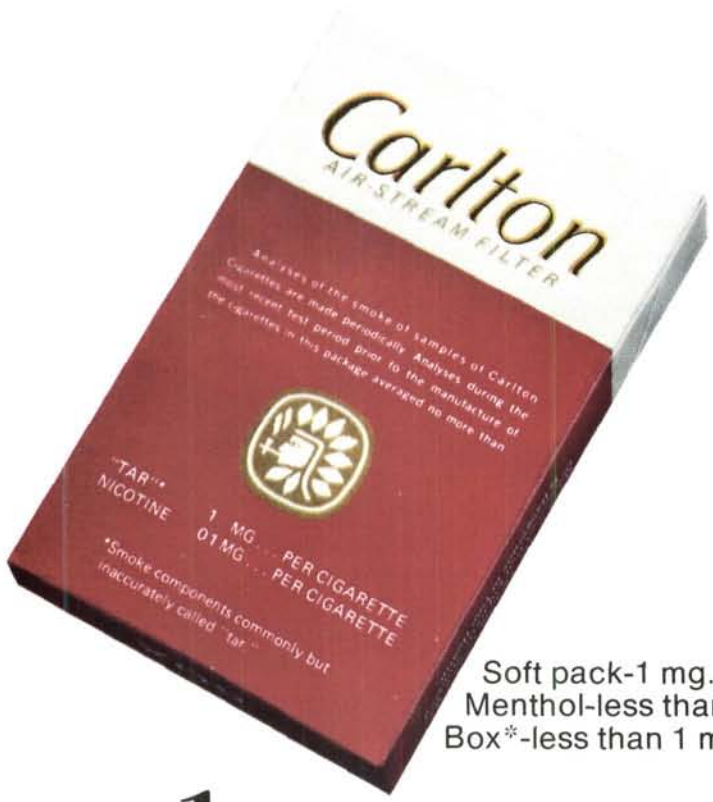
### The 10 top selling cigarettes

| | tar mg./ cigarette | nicotine mg./ cigarette |
|---|---|---|
| Brand P Non-Filter | 25 | 1.6 |
| Brand C Non-Filter | 23 | 1.4 |
| Brand W | 19 | 1.2 |
| Brand W 100 | 19 | 1.2 |
| Brand M | 18 | 1.1 |
| Brand S Menthol | 18 | 1.2 |
| Brand S Menthol 100 | 18 | 1.2 |
| Brand BH 100 | 18 | 1.0 |
| Brand M Box | 17 | 1.0 |
| Brand K Menthol | 17 | 1.4 |

### Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

| | tar mg./ cigarette | nicotine mg./ cigarette |
|---|---|---|
| Brand P Box | 15 | 0.8 |
| Brand K Mild | 14 | 0.9 |
| Brand W Lights | 13 | 0.9 |
| Brand M Lights | 13 | 0.8 |
| Brand D | 13 | 0.9 |
| Brand D Menthol | 11 | 0.8 |
| Brand V Menthol | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand V | 10 | 0.7 |
| Brand M Menthol | 8 | 0.5 |
| Brand M | 8 | 0.5 |
| **Carlton Soft Pack** | **1** | **0.1** |
| **Carlton Menthol** | **less than 1** | **0.1** |
| **Carlton Box** | **less than *1** | ***0.1** |

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method


Carlton
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged no more than
"TAR"*
NICOTINE
1 MG. PER CIGARETTE
0.1 MG. PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."

Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

# Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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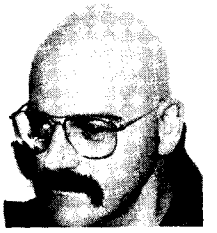

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## ARTICLES


712 **I Say Lock 'Em Up, Spank Them, and Send Them Home**
The First Amendment is getting a bad name from many of those who invoke it. But it doesn't mean what Larry Flynt thinks it means; and if it did, why then we ought to repeal it. In the first place, free speech is not an absolute right, as everyone really knows. In the second place, the Framers never supposed it was such a right, and certainly did not try to make it one. Herewith a stern rebuttal to those who think that every increase in license is a step forward for civilization. Willmoore, thou shouldst be living at this hour! *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

714 **Who Is Israel?**
The State of Israel offers some challenges to American notions of the proper relation between politics and religion. That is because Americans tend to assume that all religions must be domesticated, denominational variants of a single model. But it is a model Judaism doesn't fit.
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# Letters

## The Spanish Context

I was grateful for Robert Moss's piece on the Spanish elections ["The Rocky Road to Democracy," June 10]; it's almost impossible, if you have to rely on American newspapers for your information, to figure out who is who and why in the Spanish political context, and Mr. Moss was able to sort out the complications and confusions (most of them, anyway—if his figures are right, there are a few score parties he didn't even mention; but I suppose we needn't worry too much about them).

Voters' memories are notoriously short; we will soon see whether Spanish voters' memories can stretch back to what happened to their neighbor, Portugal, a little over a year ago: the Communists, having used the Socialists as a stepping-stone to power, then tried to knock them off and take over themselves. The Portuguese example was said to be one reason King Juan Carlos had the sense not to legalize the Communist Party immediately, which is no doubt one reason why his government is still among us. A pity that the French Communists did not start their current harassment of their Socialist coalition partners a few months earlier, so as to renew the example before the Spanish CP was in fact legalized. Though, come to think of it, given their friendliness toward Carrillo, is it possible that they deliberately waited in order not to sabotage him?

*Boston, Mass.* BASIL WOOD

## Learning about Lindy

Until I read John Chamberlain's piece, "Lindbergh Was of the Twenties" [May 27], I was one of the many who simply marveled at Lindbergh's feat, wondered at his seemingly quirky opposition to our participation in World War II, and concluded that his obsession with privacy was a combination of eccentricity and protracted grief over the death of his son. Mr. Chamberlain's piece filled a gap of the most obnoxious sort: one I hadn't known existed. Never have I read a biographical piece that matched it for precision, grace, and breadth.

It was illuminating and inspiring. If Lindy were around to read it I'll bet he'd blush, and be quietly grateful.

*Charlottesville, Va.* J. A. REHYANSKY

## They Endured

So D. Keith Mano has the effrontery to declare [April 29] that Erica Jong "verifies my MCP [Male Chauvinist Pig] instinct about lady authors: that they can endure, but they can never be heroic."

What makes him so certain they can endure?

*Windsor, Ont.* JOYCE CAROL OATES

P.S.: Anything Mano says is fine, really: when a man writes so skillfully and with such apparently indefatigable brilliance a lady has no choice but to indulge him his eccentricities.

## Points

In "Britain: Right-Wing Landslide" ["The Week," May 27], you refer to the National Front's having won 6 per cent of the votes in the May 5 municipal elections, and then say: "In a parliamentary election, it is projected, that vote would have given National Front candidates more than thirty seats in the House of Commons."

For that to be true, the NF would have to outpoll the most popular major party in thirty separate constituencies. I would be immensely interested to know in what district the NF had a plurality. (The British would be even more interested.)

In other words, 6 per cent of the vote does not translate into 6 per cent of the seats. Any working member of the Liberal Party will readily point this out.

*New York, N.Y.* KIERAN O'BRIEN

A note on "Cato," April 29. It ought to read, "There are now 28 Eagle Scouts in Congress . . ." The Eagle's code is "Once an Eagle, always an Eagle." There are a lot of no-good, low-down vultures nesting in Congress, but there's no such bird as a "former Eagle." Be sure, for at least 28 members of Congress, duty to God and country is still the most relevant and compelling of moral standards.

*Lawton, Okla.* JANSEN STRING
District Executive
Black Beaver Council
Boy Scouts of America

Regarding the last paragraph of "For the Record," April 29: When Senator Joan M. Gubbins (not Cubbins) goes to the trouble of thumbing her nose at the Feds, I suspect she expects to see her name spelled correctly in your fine magazine.

*Losantville, Ind.* R. A. KIRKLIN

## Sweetness and Light

I'm afraid that W. H. von Dreele, Cato, and your editorialists [April 1] all made the same mistake. They blamed the FDA saccharin ban on the FDA. In fact, the ban was statutory under the terms of the Delaney Clause of the Food Additives Amendment (1958). The Clause states that "No additive shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man or animal . . ." The FDA opposed this clause when it was enacted, and has chafed under it ever since. A good guess is that the FDA hoped that the sac-



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charin ban might lead to revision of the Delaney Clause. The Clause forbids the use of any additive at any level, even one molecule, if the additive produces cancer in experimental animals no matter how high the level in the diet, even up to 5 per cent, as in the case of saccharin. Even so, people who have criticized the Delaney Clause have usually been characterized as being in favor of cancer.

Cato also opposes the banning of products "on the basis of efficacy rather than just safety. Thus, the laetrile ban." Cato thus implies that "safe" medicines should be permitted even if without efficacy. Anyway, laetrile has not been demonstrated to be either efficacious or safe. It contains cyanide, which is set free under some conditions: hence, deaths have resulted from eating bitter almonds.

*Berkeley, Calif.* THOMAS H. JUKES
Division of Medical Physics
UC Berkeley

I was enthusiastic about all the coverage you gave to the proposed banning of saccharin. I agree with your comments completely (indeed, the problems of the Delaney Clause and the unrealistic anxiety about "chemicals" in food was the subject of my book *Panic in the Pantry*, which was in turn the subject of M. Stanton Evans' column in the April 15 issue of *NR*).

But I question your comparison of the banning of saccharin with the FDA's ongoing decision not to approve laetrile. As far as I can see, these are two very different issues. On the one hand, a perfectly useful food additive is banned on the basis of one Canadian experiment which contradicts both twenty years of animal experimentation and, more importantly, epidemiological studies showing that diabetics using saccharin at high levels for up to 25 years showed no increase in cancer incidence.

On the other hand, laetrile has been tested and re-tested and repeatedly has been shown to be ineffective in the prevention or treatment of cancer. I am an advocate of freedom of choice, but I wonder if desperately ill cancer patients really do have such freedom. If laetrile were approved, then I could sell vanilla and lemon juice as a cancer cure too.

I feel that we'd be more successful in fighting growing governmental regulation of our lifestyles if we acknowledged that there is a role for such agencies, but insisted that role should be limited—as opposed to suggesting that government should not regulate anything.

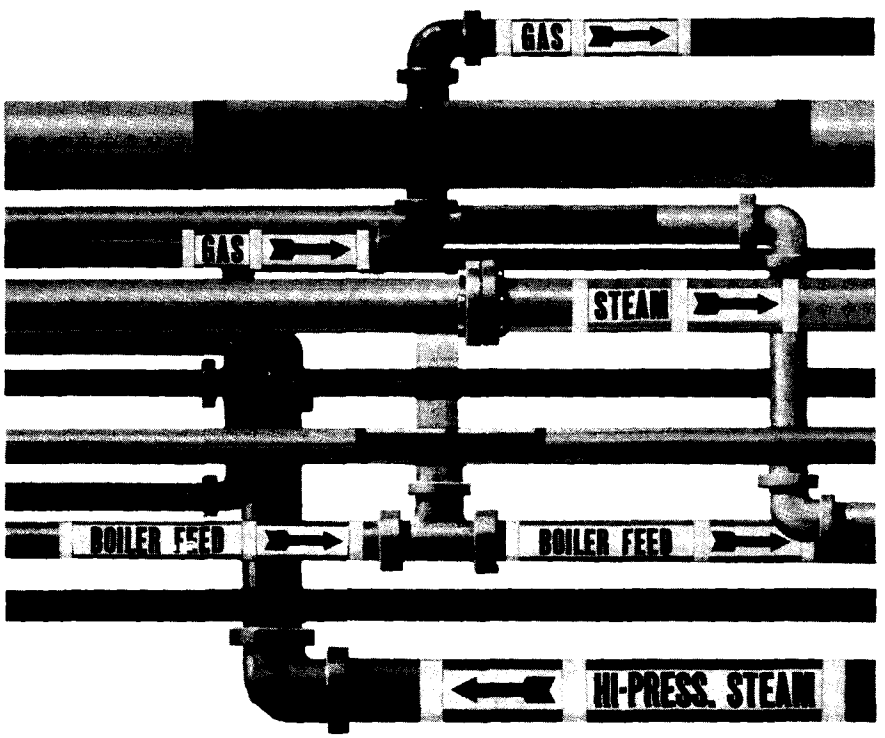
*New York, N.Y.* ELIZABETH WHELAN
Executive Director
American Council on Science and Health

## Eyes Left

Anent your editorial [May 13] on the coming Spanish elections:

1. Manuel Fraga Iribarne is a personal friend for whom I have the highest esteem.


Some pointers for safer piping

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Were I a Spaniard, he would have my vote.

2. Fraga labored hard for the constitutional provision of the 1967 (Franco) "Organic Law" that established the principle of free conscience as a birthright of Spaniards.

3. He believes that the greatest economist of the twentieth century is . . . John Kenneth Galbraith.

4. He believes in heavy state intervention in the free market, a guaranteed minimum income, the moral obligation of private industry to pursue "social" ends. His notions of social justice are at times not easily distinguishable from those of a benign Social Democrat, West German variety.

His party, the Popular Alliance, is nevertheless consistently described in the American press as "rightist" or "right-wing." Tsk, *NR*, for not drawing the relevant distinctions.

*Camden, S.C.* F. REID BUCKLEY

### Up with Amtrak

"The Week" [Jan. 7] errs when it attributes the federal 12-hour crew law to the nationalization of passenger service. The 12-hour crew law existed long before Amtrak, and, besides, operating crews on Amtrak trains are not Amtrak employees. The operating crews are employees of the railroads, which, through operating contracts, supply Amtrak with crews to run Amtrak trains on the contracting railroads' rights-of-way. Amtrak can be blamed for many things, but this is not one of them.

A healthy (i.e., profitable) Amtrak is in the national interest because of the inherent efficiency of a well-run passenger service (low fuel consumption and pollution, efficient land use, etc.). Conservatives should change their efforts: instead of trying to kill Amtrak, they should try to make it more efficient so that it will no longer need federal subsidies. When this point is reached, Amtrak would become part of the private sector (which is provided for in existing law), where it belongs.

Finally, Amtrak's subsidies should be considered in the context of the federal subsidies to its competition's rights-of-way: the air traffic control system and the Interstate Highway System. If these had to be supported by true "user fees" (i.e., tolls based on weight and usage), Amtrak would quickly become one of the nation's most profitable companies.

*Grosse Pointe, Mich.* JOHN DELORA

### Looking at the Frames

Mitchell Ross's review of Leonard Silk's *The Economists* [April 15] was shameful, just shameful. What else can one say about a review of five of the most important economic thinkers of our time which differentiates them as follows? "Galbraith . . . is the finest stylist ever to settle in the economic world as his literary domain." Milton Friedman " 'decided there was more freedom and security for Jews or other minority groups in the marketplace.' " Or how about this profound discussion of Paul Samuelson? "Samuelson's textbook has been standard for a generation; its author has augmented his fortune by writing grave columns for *Newsweek*."

It matters not to your reviewer that the men discussed by Silk influence our world, not by their styles, or by being discriminated against, but by the force of their ideas. All we are told is that Friedman's "opinions have always been regarded quite highly" by NATIONAL REVIEW. *Opinions*, for heaven's sake?

When Silk's book was reviewed in the *Washington Post* (by Mark Green, who rides shotgun for Ralph Nader) the perspective was predictable enough: here are the stories of four visionaries and one anachronism (Friedman). How shameful that *NR* can do nothing but talk about Friedman's "opinions" while purring that "Reading Galbraith in order to learn economics is like walking through the Uffizi in order to look at the frames."

*Coral Gables, Fla.* FRED S. MCCHESNEY

### Emancipating Teachers

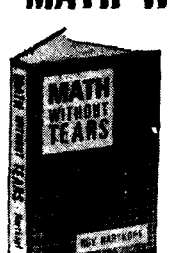
Russell Kirk, in "Emancipating the Schools" [Feb. 18], makes several valid points about freedom and the agency shop, but is way off the mark in his contention that the quality of education will be lowered by putting the bulk of new education funds into teachers' salaries.

In case Mr. Kirk hasn't heard, the day of the old-maid schoolteacher is over. Millions of teachers must feed and clothe their families these days, and quality education is not achieved by forcing these teachers to moonlight in order to support their children. (Perhaps Mr. Kirk is unaware that in many places, starting salaries for teachers are well under $10,000.)

Mr. Kirk implies that the money can be better spent in the area of curriculum. One can only recall the many times that "curriculum" dollars have produced long processions of liberal programs which were not even remotely educational: "Let's get in our circles and rap today instead of learning."

*Shively, Ky.* CARL A. FAHRINGER


MATH WITHOUT TEARS

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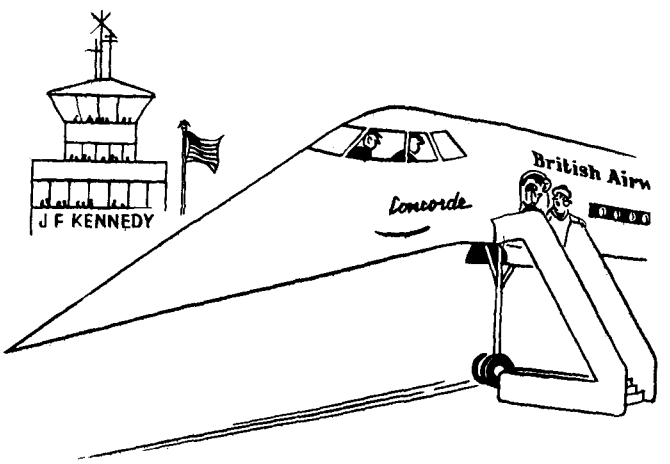
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Get the impression that **Jimmy Carter**'s popularity is spectacularly high? Wrong. **Kevin Phillips** *points out that* Carter's 61 to 66 per cent "favorable rating" (depending on whose poll you read) is lower than the rating of the last four Democratic Presidents after four months in office. . . . But House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** isn't buying that. He thinks Carter's support is so strong that "whatever he vetoes we will have one son-of-a-gun time to override." . . . Rep. **Robert Giaimo**, chairman of the House Budget Committee, disagrees in part. He thinks the House can, and will, override a possible presidential veto of bloated HEW budget, but that Carter will be able to make stick threatened vetoes of farm subsidy and water project bills. . . . One win for the White House: The repeal of the **Hatch Act** sailed through the House last week, despite heel-dragging from Republicans, but it may wait a while before getting through Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff**'s Government Operations Committee. Ribicoff voted against a similar bill last year. . . . Another Carter favorite, the consumer agency bill, is, according to sponsor Rep. **Benjamin Rosenthal** (D., N.Y.), "still 20 to 25 votes shy of House passage." . . . Sensitive Washington antennae note an escalated carping at the White House. The *Washington Post*'s "Gossip" column last week made the obvious crack: "Isn't it nice how **Andy Young** is growing up to be the **Martha Mitchell** of the Carter Administration."

■ Where do the Republicans go in '80? *U.S. News* says White House insiders believe it will be **Howard Baker** for President. They believe **Ford** and **Reagan** are too old, **John Connally** is getting nowhere, Gov. **James Thompson** of Illinois is too new on the national scene. . . . Meanwhile there's grumbling on the Hill from rank-and-file GOPers over fact that Howard Baker and **John Rhodes**, the House Minority Leader, have joined Sen. **Charles Percy** and Rep. **Pete McCloskey** in signing a fund-raising letter for the Ripon Society.




Langdon *Punch* Rothco

**"Are the natives friendly?"**

■ **Henry Kissinger** thinks the Carter Administration is playing a dangerous game with Cuba. Kissinger believes a resumption of full diplomatic relations without a firm **Castro** pledge to get his troops out of Africa could lead to "problems in the Caribbean area and the Western Hemisphere." . . . The *AFL-CIO News* claims Castro has 25,000 men in **Angola** now—more than at the height of the civil war—and says there are 2,000 East Germans in Angola. . . . Unconfirmed reports reaching Lisbon indicate that during the Angolan upheavals that followed an aborted coup a fortnight ago UNITA guerrillas attacked **Huambo**, Angola's second largest city, and killed eighty Cuban soldiers. . . . That coup led by former Interior Minister **Nito Alves** could be a reflection of strain between the Cubans and the Russians. The Russians reportedly favor some accommodation with the UNITA and **Holden Roberto** guerrillas; the Cubans, who helped **Agostinho Neto** crush the revolt, want to stamp out all resistance.

■ Striking back. Responding to campaign by **NOW** (National Organization for Women) to get business conventions to boycott the 15 states that have not yet passed the Equal Rights Amendment, **YAF** has announced that *it* will stage its affairs in non-ERA states. Under consideration for the biennial National Convention in 1979: **Chicago, St. Louis, Miami, Atlanta, Las Vegas, New Orleans**. . . . ERA had new setback last week when **Illinois** voted down the amendment for fifth time. . . . Another blow: Although 56 per cent of the people still approve passage of ERA according to latest Harris, that margin of approval is down from 64 points nine months ago. . . . **Phyllis Schlafly**, on whom no moss grows, has gone to court to try to get the General Accounting Office to de-certify the decisions of three states that first approved the ERA and have since voted against it. (Those three are counted in the 35 total that ERA advocates claim are in their camp.)

■ And Rep. **Bud Shuster** (R., Pa.) reports that a new Youth Camp Safety bill now working its way slowly through the House would require Girl and Boy Scouts to file "a detailed itinerary with the Federal Government, in duplicate, every time they . . . go on a hike." Shuster was the only member of a House subcommittee to vote against the measure.

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# THE WEEK

■ DEPARTMENT OF ANTI-CLIMAX: From a Chinese Communist editorial warning workers that things will get rough if they don't buckle down to the tasks at hand: "Toward those grassroots units with discipline lax, unity sapped, and anarchism rampant, what's so bad about setting strict requirements?"

■ "The way I use the term," explains Andy Young, sounding a bit like Humpty Dumpty, "racism applies to almost everybody." We were starting to suspect as much after he had designated as racists Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Abraham Lincoln ("especially Abraham Lincoln"), the Russians, the Swedes, the English, and the entire borough of Queens. He further explained that racism, the way he uses the term, is synonymous with "ethnocentrism" and "insensitivity to cultural differences." The semantic promiscuity was getting scandalous, so Jimmy Carter called Young in for a little confab, at which, Young reports triumphantly, Carter "didn't tell me to shut up." As students of nuance, we'd put it a little differently: Carter didn't *tell* him to shut up.

■ DEPARTMENT OF CLEAR DISTINCTION: HEW Secretary Joseph Califano had not, he claimed, realized that "quotas" is a word loaded with political significance until he used it approvingly this spring and spent the next two months taking the flak. But Califano learns fast. Quotas are no good, he told a CCNY commencement audience last week: what we actually need is "numerical goals" to be used as "inspiration." And will colleges that are not sufficiently inspired have their federal funds cut off by way of encouragement? "Not in the near term," said the Secretary, smiling.

■ You are a career foreign service officer and a U.S. ambassador. Your country is at war. As ambassador it becomes your job to coordinate certain bombing missions. You do so. Some time later another President of a different party nominates you for a new ambassadorial assignment. You go before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The Committee invites in as witnesses to your fitness to represent our country two of the most vocal adversaries of the war that as Ambassador to Laos you helped prosecute. One of the witnesses, Marcus Raskin of the radical Institute for Policy Studies, calls you "one . . . of the most important career civil servants who initiated, fashioned, and carried out the war in Indochina." Another, Richard Falk of Princeton, complains that in another post, as Ambassador to the Philippines, you gave "tacit support" to the repressive policies of the Marcos government. Senator George McGovern, ever the apostle of moderation, comments that "while I recognize we can't lie in the shadow of the Indochina tragedy forever, I am appalled by what happened in Laos." Any bets as to whether William H. Sullivan will be confirmed as U.S. Ambassador to—Iran? And who, now, are the witch-hunters?

■ Within the last year or so, a number of scandals have made front-page headlines: high school graduates with fourth-grade reading levels, college English majors who could not compose grammatically correct paragraphs, schools with instant admissions policies and no "discriminatory" academic requirements. Recently, a few quality-minded schools have reinstituted freshman composition classes in a last-ditch effort to educate their students. Virginia's board of education, in the vanguard of this movement, has started a program in which a series of tests will be administered early in high school, rather than one big test at the end, to spot problems and try to correct them early on. While Virginia may be on the right track, its new policy more likely will follow the path of similar past efforts to reduce the illiteracy in our public schools—the path of still more regulation and less education.

■ Early in May, Jeff Kamen, a reporter for a New York television station, broadcast a story about a U.S. computer company's efforts to sell the Soviet Union one of the most sophisticated computers in the world, the Cyber-76. Manufactured by the Control Data Corporation, the Cyber-76 is, according to one expert, at least 15 years ahead of anything the Soviet Union is able to produce. The unit plays a vital role in U.S. military and intelligence operations; of the 24 in existence, most are used by the Pentagon, Air Force, Atomic Energy Commission, and NASA. The day after Kamen broadcast his story, his totally disabled father, an intensive-care heart patient in Florida, received the first of a series of abusive phone calls, all of which ended: "Your son is spreading misinformation." One of his sources has been attacked, and the files of the officer who investigated the attack have disappeared. But Kamen got the story out: at least 65 congressmen have urged President Carter to ban the sale.

■ Dade County, Florida, has wiped from its books an ordinance forbidding discrimination according to "affec-

## Anybody Got a Pin?

A balloon floated over the White House—
  The variety known as "A Trial."
With the help of hot air, it ascended with flair
  And was readable over a mile.
I observed its incredible message
  As it started to sink over Saks:
"Would the country salute if I stuck each old coot
  With a Social Security tax?"

W. H. VON DREELE


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# It didn't start with Watergate

**At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the *discordant Watergate affair*. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"**

Victor Lasky asked himself the same question. A newsman of forty years' experience, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skeletons. So he opened the door.

What he found shocked even that old pro. All the dirt from four dirty Democrat regimes . . . from FDR and Truman through JFK and Lyndon. Scandals half forgotten (and carefully *not* recalled during Watergate); and other scandals suppressed until now.

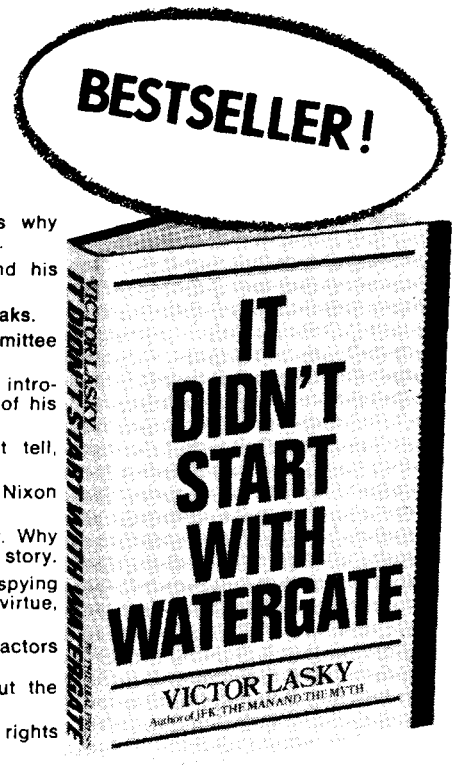
Lasky never loses sight of the two overriding truths:

- These Democrat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scandals (many of them far more serious).

No, it didn't start with Watergate. And now we finally have an honest book on the subject. Now the accusers stand accused.

### A HYMN TO DEMOCRAT AND MEDIA HYPOCRISY (in America today, the two are synonymous)

- Democrat legacy we never hear about: the anti-Semitic and racial slurs of FDR, Truman, JFK, LBJ and RFK.
- Marilyn Monroe, Jack and Bobby: a revealing glimpse into her diary. Missing police records of her death.
- Five liberals admit leftwing bias in the media.
- Did leading Democrats and some newsmen know in advance that Watergate would happen?
- Secret Service agents worry: will the Russians try to "plant a broad" in JFK's bedroom?
- New York newspaper prints the stolen medical records of a DA up for reelection—and righteously condemns the Ellsberg break-in.
- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
- High Kennedy official speculates: was JFK's murder "some kind of terrible retribution?"
- Democrat operator boasts of his dirty tricks—and gets hired by big-name Democrats.
- Harry Truman gets his start—courtesy of fake ballots.
- Former *Newsweek* editor candidly admits why we never heard about JFK's foul language.
- What LBJ did to Goldwater in '64—behind his back.
- Ervin declines to check his own staff for leaks.
- Radical backgrounds of key Ervin Committee aides.
- How a correspondent knew marijuana was introduced to JFK in the White House by one of his girl friends.
- What Hubert Humphrey knew, but didn't tell, about LBJ's eavesdropping.
- One newsman sneaks help to JFK in the Nixon debates.
- The biggest political crime of the century. Why the *New York Herald-Tribune* quashed the story.
- Righteous John Doar devises a domestic spying program for that other monument to civic virtue, Ramsey Clark.
- The link between New York paving contractors and John Lindsay.
- What J. Edgar Hoover said privately about the 1960 Presidential election.
- The shocking abuse of Otto Otepka's civil rights that went unpunished—and unreported.
- Humphrey demurs when investigators finally decide to question him about irregular campaign finances. The astounding reaction of Sam Ervin.
- Archibald Cox tips his hand: of ten top aides, nine are super-Democrats.
- The liberal who witnessed JFK compound a felony, and laughed.
- Wiretapping under Honest Harry Truman.
- Covering up for Lyndon: the Jenkins affair.
- FDR checks up on Eleanor.
- Martin Luther King Jr.'s scandalous private life.
- 10 rules of investigative procedure ignored or broken by the Ervin Committee.
- JFK's impeachable offense.
- The bond between Chairman Rodino and the AFL-CIO.
- Hamilton Fish Sr. tells what it was like to be an anti-New Deal Congressman under FDR.
- Why the Ervin Committee refused to investigate pre-1972 scandals (except those allegedly involving Nixon).
- JFK confidant admits Kennedy wiretapping to Lasky.
- Spy squads at the Democrat conventions—directed by LBJ.
- The Senators on the Ervin Committee: where were they during the Bobby Baker investigation?
- The day Jack Anderson got caught—redhanded.
- J. Edgar Hoover on wiretapping in Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department.
- Devastating Republican counsel report from the Ervin Committee: suppressed.
- Victor Reuther's chilling memo to RFK on how to crush conservative leaders and groups—ignored by the media.
- Leading liberals hatch a wiretap scheme: the whole story.
- How FDR used the Presidency to enrich his sons.
- How Senator Sam saved the day when a Gulf Oil employee claimed questionable connections with all but one member of the Ervin Committee.
- Media bugging: how common?
- When Presidents lie—on matters far more serious than Watergate.
- Were the major impeachment charges trumped-up?

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the most interesting things about Jimmy Carter is the way he keeps his campaign promises. Last week, for instance, he assembled a group of consumerists in the Rose Garden, told them he was going all out for the creation of a consumer protection agency, assailed businessmen and those lobbyists who were "coming out of the woodwork" to oppose the proposed "tiny" agency, and in the process brought an apparently genuine smile to the thin lips of Ralph Nader, a man not given to frequent grinning. The impression that the consumerists and many commentators carried away was that Carter *will* push for that "tiny" agency as relentlessly as Sherman pushed toward Atlanta. In fact, however, that push will be relentless in rhetoric only. Carter's head-counters tell him that the CPA bill lacks at least two dozen votes in the House and that a number of formerly solid supporters are expressing doubts. The people, they believe, have had enough. The creation of a new super energy department and the enactment of a raft of proposed energy bills will add considerably to federal spending and bureaucratic bloat, and many solidly liberal legislators are now making speeches that sound as if they came from Ronald Reagan's '76 campaign book. Senator Herman Talmadge, for instance, recently told his colleagues, "we cannot continue to spend money we do not have on programs we do not need in the vain hope of being all things to all people." Had those words been uttered by Robert Dole, it would have been business as usual. But, coming as they did from one of the Senate's most influential liberals, they spell bad news indeed for proponents of new operations such as the consumer protection agency.

The proposed CPA has never been popular here. The last time round, in the face of a certain Ford veto—which freed many congressmen who in fact opposed it to vote for it for political reasons—it squeaked through the House by only nine votes. Carter knows this, of course, and economic advisors such as Bert Lance are said to be dead against the CPA, as are those Cabinet members who fear that this proposed "tiny" agency's right to sue all the other agencies in town could bring the operations of the executive branch to a screeching halt. Nevertheless, Carter promised the electorate a CPA during the campaign, and the less likely it is that the CPA will be created, the safer it is to escalate the rhetoric in support of its creation. No one in Washington ever went broke from assailing big business, and if you can make Ralph Nader smile without having to worry about paying the bill that inevitably accompanies that smile, then you may just be a very effective politician indeed.

■ THE GOP STATEHOUSE BLUES: In Maryland, the prosecutors' probe that began as an attempt to nab Governor Marvin Mandel—and in the process unhorsed a Vice President—has come full circle; and Mandel, on trial for corruption, once again has the spotlight. On the surface, with a gubernatorial election looming next year, this should be good news for Republicans. Mandel's once-powerful state Democratic machine is sputtering, and for the first time since Watergate Republicans find the word "corruption" tripping lightly from their tongues. But since the last Republican governor of Maryland was Spiro Agnew, the corruption theme could backfire badly. And compounding the problem is the inability of Maryland Republicans to come up with an appealing candidate. The Democrats, however, have no such problem, and Mandel's trial, oddly enough, has strengthened their chances. Mandel, suffering from what has been diagnosed as brain damage and totally preoccupied with his defense, has named Lieutenant Governor Blair Lee acting governor. Lee, the leading Democratic gubernatorial candidate, is highly respected in the state and has apparently maintained his independence from Mandel and his cronies. Thus, no matter what the outcome of the Mandel trial, Lee's stint as governor will strengthen his claim on the office.

■ WETBACK CHIC: The official story is that Margaret Trudeau is not going to London to interview Prince Charles for ABC because of all the distracting publicity it would cause. According to Canadian journalists here, however, the *real reason is that immigration* authorities are up in arms over Mrs. Trudeau's money-making activities in this country. One Canadian correspondent was recently offered an assignment similar to Mrs. Trudeau's *People* magazine job, but was told he couldn't accept it because he didn't have the proper work permit, something Mrs. Trudeau also does not possess. According to this correspondent, Mrs. Trudeau's ABC assignment was the final straw: had the network not withdrawn it, she would have been met at the airport by customs officials and, gently no doubt, turned around. The immigration people just don't like that sort of thing. Apparently it makes it harder to throw those wetbacks back across the Rio Grande when you make exceptions for beautiful people from North of the Border, Up Ottawa Way. —CATO

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tional or sexual preference." Whatever superstitious excesses the repeal forces committed, the 70 per cent vote was a sane and reassuring one. It is *not* a matter of indifference that avowed homosexuals should teach the young; that children should have as role models adults who have failed to make the adjustment to procreative and permanent sexual relations, and who moreover deny that the failure *is* failure; that the community should regard marital love and homosexuality alike as so many arbitrary "preferences." The homosexuals' campaign, with its self-comparison to Jewry under Hitler, slandered the healthier part of the community, revealed its own lugubrious narcissism, and profaned the Jewish experience. It richly deserved the shellacking it got.

■ For the last four years, Federal District Judge Charles Richie has tried to force the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation to reveal its list of contributors, to prevent "interested employers" from contributing anonymously to lawsuits brought by union members against labor unions. Right to Work President Reed Larson steadfastly refused to comply, claiming that the unions could then use the list as a means of intimidating foundation supporters. His steadfastness paid off, even though it cost the foundation $750,000 in legal fees:

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Richie has reversed his decision, ruling that the federal statute prohibiting employer contributions is unconstitutional if applied to the foundation. This occurs at a time when polls indicate that right to work is an idea whose time is arriving.

■ Busing is getting a new lease on life under the Carter Administration. Attorney General Griffin Bell, prodded by HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, has moved to deny federal funds to school districts that refuse to merge black and white schools in "pairing" and "clustering" programs, i.e., fusing schools in adjacent districts so that, instead of two schools for grades one to six, you get one school for grades one to three and another for grades four to six. (It usually takes extra transportation facilities.) This represents a circumvention of a 1975 law prohibiting HEW from withholding monies as a weapon to force school districts to bus. HEW will also get some help shortly from the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, led by Joseph (Tail Gunner Joe) Rauh, which will challenge the constitutionality of the 1975 law.

■ Mr. Carter and Mr. Castro have each taken one small step toward full diplomatic relations. The U.S. and Cuba, the State Department has announced, are about to exchange middle-level diplomats. Quite a few obstacles remain, however, on the road to full relations. Castro has said that there are two topics not up for discussion: human rights in Cuba and Cuban troops in Angola. Senator Robert Dole intends to introduce a resolution expressing the sense of the Senate that relations should not be normalized until Castro takes certain steps, including withdrawal of his troops from Africa. Castro, meanwhile, is telling anybody who will listen that he has halted the withdrawal of Cuban troops because of the French-Moroccan operation in Zaire. In fact, diplomats in Cuba report that, rather than withdrawing troops, Castro is mobilizing his reserves for action in Zaire.

■ Very quietly last week, the U.S. contributed to the repression of free speech by making unanimous the UN Security Council resolution calling on all states to prevent the transfer of funds in their territories by the Rhodesian government. In effect, this resolution forces the closing of all Rhodesian Information Offices abroad, since obviously they could not continue to operate without any funds. Under the present U.S system, once an amendment is passed in the UN, it automatically becomes law; U.S. bureaucracy is currently putting into operation the UN resolution. Kenneth Towsey, Director of Rhodesia's Washington office—which will be closing June 30—questioned this action "at a time when the Rhodesian government is cooperating fully with an Anglo-American initiative designed to resolve the conflict in Rhodesia. This is a time for more communication, not less."

■ Korea has agreed to limit its shoe exports to the U.S. to 38.45 million pairs for each of the next four years. Japan has agreed to limit its color TV exports to 1.75 million sets next year, down from about three million this year. Watch this space for an announcement that U.S. consumers have agreed to rises in the Consumer Price Index and unemployment.

■ By an overwhelming 5 to 4 vote, the Supreme Court of the United States has struck down a Cleveland zoning ordinance that "makes it a crime [for] a grandmother . . . to live with her grandson." Think about it.

■ Only months ago President Carter was dissimulating his way into office by promising to reduce federal bureaucracy. Now he proposes a Department of Energy that is to begin life with a modest budget of $10.6 billion. How much is $10.6 billion? Twice as much as the price of all the oil imported from Saudi Arabia last year. More than all the "obscene" profits of the seven largest international oil companies in post-price-controls 1974. More than the cost of deregulating domestic oil production. More than FDR's national budget during the New Deal. Of course that is only the beginning. All federal spending triples as soon as you avert your eyes.

■ TIGER RAG: The *Washington Post* rushed into print with a correction on a story about Ralph Nader. It had quoted Nader as "speaking contemptuously of his alma mater, Princeton." "[Nader] doesn't," said the correction, "always speak contemptuously about the school."

# Impending Political Struggle

## I. Belgrade Rights Confrontation

After weeks of silence on the matter, which led many to believe that he had tacitly decided to drop it, President Carter issued a tough statement on Soviet and other Eastern bloc violations of human rights. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance contributed another statement in a similar vein. This suggests, though it does not necessarily guarantee, that U.S. spokesmen will take a tough stand on the rights issue at the forthcoming conference in Belgrade. Anticipating just such an eventuality, the Soviets for some time have been preparing, as a countermeasure, an all-out assault upon alleged U.S. rights violations.

In a report to the congressional commission that monitors the Helsinki accords, the President said: "The overall [human rights] implementation by the Warsaw Pact countries, though varying among individual states, remained well below the objectives. . . . Basic policies which assure rigid state control over the movement of people and information remained generally unaltered."

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He went on to cite *increases* in the number of cases in which family reunification was denied, Western journalists were restricted or expelled, and state controls were maintained or tightened on movements of persons and dissemination of information.

The Belgrade conference will be ostensibly procedural, designed to lay the groundwork for a later conference, probably in October, which is supposed to review compliance with the Helsinki human rights provisions. However, as is so often the case, procedure tends to become substance: in this case, the agenda, the duration of the conference, the scope of the inquiry, the nature of the report to be issued.

All the elements will be present for collision and clarification, with important ramifications for detente.

## II. Dialectics of Repression

Until now, the USSR has functioned, theoretically at least, under the 1936 Constitution drawn up under Stalin. For years, a replacement has been in preparation, and now it has finally been issued. Timing it to coincide with the release of the new Constitution, the Soviets published a speech by Leonid Brezhnev denouncing Stalin. He pledged that there would never be a return to the "illegal repressions" of the Stalin era. "We know, comrades, that some years after the adoption of the current Constitution [in 1936] were darkened by illegal repressions, violations of the principles of socialist democracy and of Leninist norms of Party and state life. This was done in contravention of the constitutional provisions. The Party has resolutely condemned this practice and it should never be repeated." Even as Brezhnev was denouncing Stalinism and promulgating the new document, the Soviets launched a tough crackdown on the dissident movement, culminating in the arrest and imprisonment of Anatoly Shcharansky on charges of treason. Shcharansky, a young scientist, had been a leading figure in a group monitoring Soviet violations of, yes, the Helsinki human rights agreements. Show trials alleging CIA connections on the part of Shcharansky and other dissident leaders are anticipated.

> It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry . . . that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favorite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his *great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world.* This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on His Majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted upon, the more *inhuman* was the punishment and the sufferer more innocent.
>
> (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

## III. The Sting

Since it had been associated with Stalin, the 1936 Constitution was something of an embarrassment; hence, the new one. As might be expected, given the ironies implicit in the totalitarian circumstance, the new de-Stalinized Constitution is actually more repressive than the old one. By permitting Party boss Brezhnev to hold also the post of president, recently vacated by the hapless Podgorny, it further aggrandizes Brezhnev's personal power. The 1936 Constitution mentions the Communist Party only twice, while the new one says bluntly: "The ruling and directing power of Soviet society, the heart of its political system and of all state and public organizations, is the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." Thus the de-Stalinized Constitution is explicitly more totalitarian than the Stalin Constitution.

The de-Stalinized Constitution is also much harsher on human rights. It continues to list the familiar rights—free speech, press, and assembly (these had been formulated during the height of the Stalin purges)—but it leaves no doubt about the actual status of those rights: "The rights and freedoms of citizens cannot and must not be used against our social system and to damage the interests of the Soviet people." Brezhnev, in his speech, made the same point bluntly: "Political freedoms are granted in accordance with the interests of the people and with the aim of strengthening the socialist system."

> The Ministry of Truth . . . was startlingly different from any other object in sight. . . . From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:
>
> WAR IS PEACE
> FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
> IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
>
> (George Orwell, *1984*)

# Punishing Success

The single consistent aspect of President Carter's policy initiatives is that no matter what the problem is, the solution always involves an egalitarian gesture.

—Is there an economic crisis? Then give tax rebates, or increase the standard deduction—but make sure that tax relief is confined to those earning less than $15,000 a year.

## Diplomatic Journey

Where the gents are *muy macho*
  And their women stay at home;
Where the gauchos rule the pampas
  And a man's still free to roam,
They're as thin-skinned as a sliver
  Of Virginia's Smithfield ham.
That's where Jimmy sent the missus,
  Representing Uncle Sam.

W. H. VON DREELE

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—Is there an energy crisis? Then tax domestic oil producers and oil-using industries and use the proceeds for welfare "reform" or rebates to those with low incomes.

—Is there a Social Security crisis? Then increase the employer's tax on above-average salaries.

The Carter tax-reform proposals are not out yet, but his earlier McGovernesque campaign rhetoric indicates that we can expect more of the same. If each perceived monthly crisis continues to be handled in a way that penalizes productive activity, the cumulative effect will produce a crisis that dwarfs the others.

## A Shortage of Intelligence

A crisis, in the current lexicon, may be defined as any event used to justify another large, well-funded federal agency. Those who are peddling this sort of crisis in energy have jumped into bed with such otherwise unfashionable authorities as OPEC and the CIA. This curious alliance is based on two studies, one by the CIA and the other by something called the Workshop on Alternative Energy Strategies (WAES).

A study, in modern newspaper language, may be defined as any number of pages which contain charts or numbers. The WAES study was funded by such disinterested parties as Atlantic Richfield and Allied Chemical, and written by two OPEC puppets and assorted chimpanzees. The demand for oil was predicted by drawing a diagonal line with a ruler, and supply was drawn as flattening out, so demand would exceed supply by an ever-increasing amount. This growing shortage, and presumably the resulting explosion of prices, apparently has no effect on anything. The oil shortage just pops up sometime between 1983 and 1995, depending entirely on Saudi Arabia's inclination to pump more oil, and the shortage's appearance has no effect on the trend of demand or non-OPEC supply.

The six-page CIA study is almost as silly. Price is at least mentioned but again is not related to either demand or supply. The demand for oil is instead based on what national economies will "need," not on what they can afford. The CIA estimates of supply are so dismal that they must assume the Carter price controls and taxes will be enacted worldwide. Estimates of 1985 U.S. and Canadian oil production are even lower than production in the 1970 recession; U.S. natural gas production is much lower. The CIA is almost alone in expecting that the Soviet bloc will also become a large importer of oil.

The CIA report concludes that "prices will rise sharply to ration available supplies no matter what Saudi Arabia does." That is, Saudi oil supplies have no effect on price. Besides, the sharply rising price has no effect on Saudi oil supplies anyway, because "the Saudis have no economic incentives to expand production." That is, Saudis prefer less to more.

What these studies prove is that if you start out by assuming that prices don't affect anything, then only the government bureaucracy remains to close the growing gap between what people want and what is available.

## Kneading the Poor

A *New York Times* article by David Rosenbaum has instructed us on what "technical experts" say about the "myths of welfare." First of all, "welfare is limited almost entirely to children and their mothers." This is because Rosenbaum defines welfare only as Aid to Families with Dependent Children, carefully neglecting such programs as food stamps, Medicaid, Social Security, and disability benefits.

**"Majority rule, I presume!"**

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Secondly, we are told that "more than half of the heads of poor families are now working, a third full-time." But the actual concern is that the third of the poor who work full-time are being taxed to provide benefits to the two-thirds who do not. The question is not how many poor people work, but how many welfare recipients work. Rosenbaum has already told us that not all of the poor get welfare.

Finally, we are reminded that a full-time job at the minimum wage provides an annual income that is "nearly $1,000 below the official poverty line for a family of four." But a study by Terrence Kelly of the Urban Institute finds that only 19 per cent of those working at the minimum wage are from poor families. Most minimum-wage earners are teenagers or housewives who are supplementing the family income.

These myths aside, the fact remains that government spending on social welfare has quadrupled in the past decade, but the number of families defined as poor has remained nearly the same. A Congressional Budget Office study explains that the official definition of poverty doesn't count in-kind benefits, such as food stamps, and, interestingly enough, that less than 40 per cent of the public aid goes to the poorest 20 per cent of the population. By making the appropriate corrections, the CBO concludes that the actual number of poor families is not 26 million, as officially reported, but 6.9 million (half of which are one-person households). The study has not been well received among those who make a living studying poverty or administering programs that are ostensibly designed to help the poor.

# Salve Regina

She signs decrees into law in the language of the Norman barons who conquered England nine hundred years ago, "*La Reyne le veult.*" When she was crowned 25 years ago in the aftermath of a great war, her throne was the Scottish Stone of Scone. Her son, the Prince of Wales, rode his black stallion in the Silver Jubilee parade in the scarlet tunic and tall black shako of the Welsh Guards. England, Scotland, Wales, a bloodtorn Northern Ireland, and here and there a dot still colored pink on the map of the world—a Bermuda, a Hong Kong—are all that remain of the Empire on which the sun of her great-great grandmother Victoria never set.

The Jubilee is a celebration of a past rather than a present glory, and it is being celebrated with a pomp and panoply as outdated as Arthur and his Knights, but celebrated as only the British can.

Like our Glorious Fourth a year ago, Queen Elizabeth's Jubilee came at a moment of national self-doubt and frustration, providing relief from the problems of the hour, a pause that refreshed. It was the occasion of a national outpouring of good feelings, bonfires, fireworks, silver trumpets a-trumpeting, and all. But it also was a tribute to the woman who pledged her life to the service of her people a quarter-century ago, and asked "God's bounty to make good that vow."

"Although that vow was made 'in my salad days when I was green in judgment,' " she said in St. Paul's Cathedral in the service of thanksgiving last week, "I do not regret or retract one word." And the entire nation roared.

She is a little stuffy—Nancy Mitford would never have approved of her style—but Elizabeth II may well prove to have been the most effective monarch of her day, in accommodating the British throne to the twentieth century, because she also accommodated the twentieth century to the British throne.

**GUEST EDITORIAL**

# Managing Leaks

*(From the May 18* Bethesda/Chevy Chase Advertiser*)*

Mr. Philip Geyelin [editorial editor of the *Washington Post*], speaking at that newspaper's annual stockholder's meeting, deplored the fact that documents in the briefcase of the late Orlando Letelier—which indicate that this murdered Allende cabinet minister was a Cuban spy—were, in Geyelin's words "leaked all over town by authorities."

"That briefcase was taken by the authorities purely for the purpose of investigating the murder," said Geyelin, in so righteous a tone that Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, asked: "And the *Washington Post* is opposed to leaks?"

The ensuing laughter almost drowned out Mr. Geyelin's anxious response: "Not a bit—not a tiny bit."

Irvine then asked: "It would be all right if the *Post* has these documents? If I offered them to you, would you accept them?"

*Geyelin:* "I'm saying as a matter of principle those documents should not have been leaked."

*Irvine:* "No documents should have been leaked, should they? The Pentagon Papers should not have been leaked?"

*Geyelin:* "No! That's not true!"

*Irvine:* "Oh? They *should* have been leaked?'

*Geyelin:* "No they shouldn't!—No!—That's not my point! My point is that once they went into the public domain we have every right to find out what we could about them."

None of this was reported by the *Post*, which also censored questions about why *Post* President Larry Israel was fired; why the *Post* paid Publisher Katharine Graham a $110,000 bonus—but no bonus at all to two Pulitzer Prize winners—and why the *Post* conceals the amount it pays to editors like Ben Bradlee.

Said Mrs. Graham: "It's not concealment—it's management."

Commented Mr. Bradlee: "Damned if I think it's any of your business."

—Les Kinsolving
National Editor



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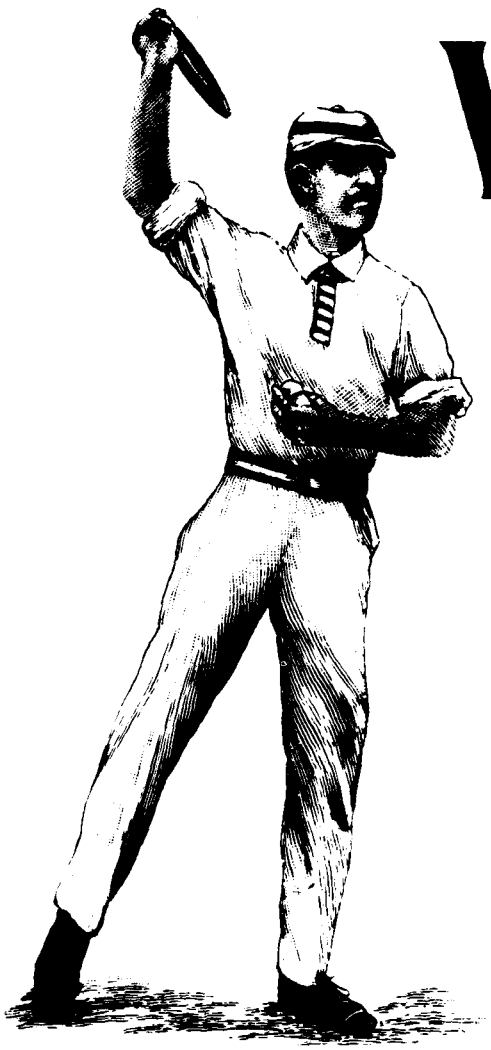
# Going on Vacation?



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# The Elasticization of Rights

Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 bars discrimination in employment. In the years since 1964, that Title has been expanded by executive order and by bureaucratic ukase to mean, in practice, that companies that do business with the Federal Government—and every large company does—must have in their work force roughly the same proportion of ethnic and minority employees as there are in the local population, or, lacking that, they must be able to demonstrate that they are taking affirmative action to increase the number of minority employees.

Now comes a further elasticization of that concept. In New York City, a Suburban Action Committee has been established to try to keep large companies from moving their headquarters out of the city. And it is prepared to go to court to prevent such transfers by Union Carbide (4,000 employees) and Mobil Oil (2,700 employees) on the grounds that for Union Carbide, for instance, to move from New York, with its black and Spanish-speaking population of 36 per cent, to Danbury, Conn., where blacks and Hispanics make up only 7 per cent of the local population—or for Mobil Oil to move to Falls Church, Va., minority population 4 per cent—is in violation of the law which, going back to Title VII, says only that there must be no discrimination in hiring practices.

As a final, exquisite irony, Suburban Action's proposed law suits against Union Carbide and Mobil Oil will be financed, in part, by a timely grant from the Ford Foundation.

# Third Time the Charm?

"Tax, tax; spend, spend; elect, elect" has, in Massachusetts, long expressed the prevailing political ethic. The state legislature, hypnotized by its own rhetoric of "compassion," has spawned a network of social welfare interests whose main mission in life is to devise new ways to rifle the taxpayers' pockets. And they are very good at it: the state budget which in 1966 was $700 million had, by 1976, ballooned to $4.5 billion—a staggering increase of 550 per cent.

The Massachusetts Citizens for Limited Taxation (CLT), which led last year's successful fight against a proposed graduated state income tax, hopes to use the organization developed and the experience gained in that battle to escalate hostilities against the forces of rampant prodigality. Rather than disband, the organizers have decided to continue lobbying efforts against tax increases and wasteful spending and also to strike off in a new direction.

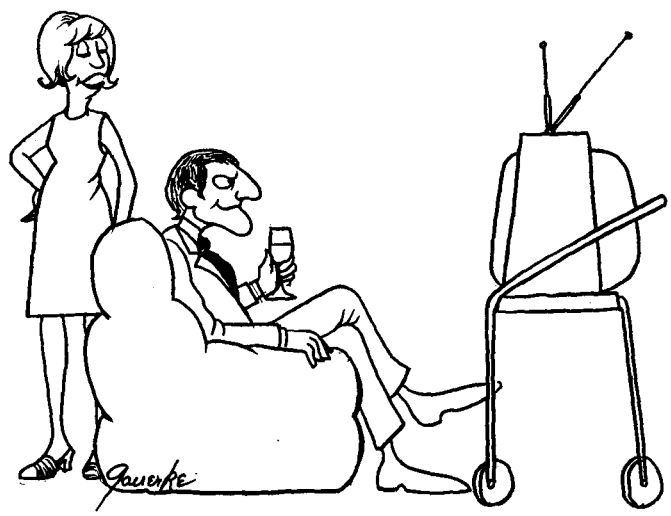
CLT's most ambitious project, already in the works, is to mount a petition drive which will secure a place on the 1978 ballot for a Tax Limitation referendum. This binding referendum, which would establish as a legal limit the present ratio between state expenses and total personal income within the state, is similar to the Michigan proposal narrowly defeated last fall. Constitutional tax limitation is an idea which refuses to go away. It will face another tough fight in Massachusetts. But an early start, good organization, and vigorous fund-raising may pay off. Address inquiries to: Donald Feder, Executive Secretary, Citizens for Limited Taxation, 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., 02108.

# Thurow's Mistakes

Lester Thurow is at it again (see "Thurow's Myths," *NR*, April 29). This time, the young economics student has written that "Business Doesn't Need a Tax Break" in the *Wall Street Journal*.

Thurow begins by showing that after-tax profits in 1966-73 were comparable to those in 1947-53. The choice of years suggests that 1947-53 were good, normal years; in fact those years spawned two serious boom-bust cycles, shortages, and price controls. More importantly, there was a stiff excess profit tax during the Korean War (82 per cent of profits above an 8 per cent return on capital), and business fixed investments were just as depressed as they have been lately (9.4 per cent of GNP). If profits and investments were only as good as in 1947-53, it would not be particularly encouraging. A number of studies have shown that business investments will have to average close to 12 per cent of GNP in the next decade in order to provide enough jobs as well as improved living standards.

Thurow is surprised to find that profits increased during 1974-76. "This increase is truly remarkable," he says, "since profits should fall as a per cent of the GNP in a recessionary period." Somebody forgot to tell him that the recession was in 1975, not 1976, and that



**"No. I don't think $600,000 is too much when you consider the joy he's brought into the hearts and minds of so many people."**



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ephemeral inventory and inadequate depreciation allowances made the tax rate on real profits extraordinarily high during the 1974 inflation.

Finally, Thurow claims that in 1974-76 "the net return to capital would have risen by 1.7 percentage points to 6.2 per cent if the economy had actually been at a 4.5 per cent rate of unemployment." But a business can't distribute or invest profits that might have been something other than what they really were.

The correct comparisons can be found in the last *Economic Report of the President*. There it is shown that corporate profits fell from 9.6 per cent of net national product in 1962-68 to 4.8 per cent in 1970-76. Even adding net interest to the figures (which obscures the problem of excess debt and inadequate equity capital), profits fell from 11.4 per cent of GNP to 8.4 per cent.

While it is surely true that profits would have been higher in the absence of recession, it is likewise true that squeezing profits is an effective way to reduce investment and productivity, and to promote shortages and recessions.

# American Answer To Totalitarian Sports

We saw a preview in Montreal as Alberto Juantorena of Cuba, Kornelia Ender of East Germany, and Nadia Comaneci of Rumania turned in superlative athletic performances and captured the imagination of the world. It is not surprising that such athletes did so well and that there were so many of them. Communist countries —especially the USSR, East Germany, Rumania, and Cuba—run vast, methodical, highly regimented athletic development programs. Likely competitors are identified in childhood and given special training and special schooling. The climax will arrive in 1980, in Lenin Stadium, Moscow. Do not be surprised if you find yourself whistling the Soviet national anthem, so often will it be played for their medal winners.

The impact of such athletic superiority on world opinion will be immense. Indeed, it already has been. The implicit message will not have to be spelled out, though it probably will be: the excellence of the athletes from totalitarian countries reflects the efficiency and general excellence of those systems. They are the wave of the future.

There is an American answer to all this, however, and it deserves the enthusiastic support of American corporate enterprise. There has come into existence a number of small private schools devoted simultaneously to academic and athletic excellence. A pioneer in this development was Burke Mountain Academy, located in the tiny hamlet of East Burke, in northern Vermont. Nearly 40 per cent of the skiers on the present U.S. National Team have been associated with this school.

The Burke idea is straightforward. Only highly motivated students are admitted. The student–teacher ratio is low. Normally, the students study half the day and train as ski racers on a nearby mountain the rest of the time. Physical conditioning is intense and relentless. Academically, the school is excellent, and morale is high.

As a new and small school, however, Burke faces continuing financial problems. This, clearly, is the kind of enterprise that deserves support from the private sector. Private institutions of this kind obviously provide an American-style answer to Communist mass-development programs. Instead, U.S. advertisers will be pouring $125 million into the 1980 Soviet propaganda extravaganza in Moscow.

## Going to Jerusalem

Before we all get goggle-eyed,
Let's put the Arab lands aside;
Let's also, if you think we can,
Not talk at *all* about Dayan.
Instead, let's concentrate upon
That laissez-faire phenomenon,
That monetarist wonder-boy—
Who isn't, by the by, a *goy*.
He'll soon be Mr. Begin's guest.
He leaves the liberals distressed.
He's death on all bureaucracy.
He's Milton Friedman, PhD.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I've take *NR* for the last year. I enjoy it. I'm not a conservative, *per se*, but I am a pragmatist and tend toward Friedman in my economic thought.

Economics is at the root of social and political problems: crime, unemployment, slum housing, etc. Often conservatives identify the problem with a clearer reality then others. But then they drift off in the fog and forget to attack solutions, for the problems identified.

So here's a chance for conservatives. As you know I am a prisoner. I am not a political prisoner. I am not innocent. I am tired of the revolving door of the criminal justice system (five felonies, three imprisonments). You will recall my last scheme—a computer fraud of the IRS of $565,340.31 FROM OUTSIDE THE IRS AND BY MYSELF.

Come September 29 I'll be paroled. I need *meaningful* employment. If I don't find it AND FAST, I'll just put



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into effect another scheme I've already got a handle on —this time for over $3,000,000. Not much was recovered last time, none will the next. Of course I know I'll likely be caught and . . . well you know the rest. More revolving doors.

But as I said, I'm tired of wasting years in prison. I have a lot of abilities *and* qualifications (of course I'm prohibited from being an accountant again). The last time out I spent thousands on becoming a qualified pilot for charter work, etc.

Soon—like in the summer—I must have concrete plans for my parole. This is for me—not the parole commission—they no longer count employment plans because so many parolees went to "slot" jobs that were meaningless, devoid of promise, etc.

If some conservative, or whatever, really wants to put his money where his convictions are, then I'd hope he'd consider taking a 33-year-old, highly intelligent and sophisticated ex-felon on as a really productive employee.

An employer truly does get what he pays for—business is business. I don't expect a free ride—but I won't accept a "slot" job. If someone needs a topnotch co-pilot-manager for a corporate flight department, then I hope he'll contact me. Nothing less than 400 hours of flying per year—commercial or corporate. Cargo or passengers. No flight instructing.

It is the businessman and taxpayer that pays when I ripoff $500,000 every six months. They also pay when I'm doing time. Prison isn't so bad that the risks aren't worth it. But I would like to change my act.

David Robinson
Reg. No. 18443-148
Federal Correctional Institution
Box 7, Terminal Island
San Pedro, Calif. 90731

Dear Mr. Robinson: I shall consult with Milton Friedman, your mentor, on the matter of a free market solution for your problem. Yours faithfully, WFB

■ Professor George Stigler
Department of Economics
University of Chicago

Dear George:

When Bill Buckley told me you were reviewing *The Age of Uncertainty*, I expected the worst and you did not disappoint. It seems to me an example of fair polemics, and I'm not sure that I didn't learn a thing or two, however reluctantly. You worried me about the absence of a reference to competition and I concocted an easy excuse—that I took it so completely for granted. Then to my joy I found that in the broadcast, at least, it is safely there.

On one point I would solidly disagree. On balance, I think it more important to be known as a good writer than as a good economist. There must be hundreds of our profession—I could name a dozen—with an original, perceptive, or otherwise interesting view of matters, large or small, who have been unable to communicate it beyond at least the narrowest circle, often not that.

In a way you are an example of the opposite case. I naturally consider you, on balance, a bad economist, a thought from which you will doubtless recover. You are an unduly predictable exponent of the stereotypes. You would have had no influence whatever save that you are able to write with clarity, some grace, and occasional humor. And I can think of no economist from Smith to Milton Friedman who has earned any reputation in the field without some competence as a writer. I've said on many occasions that Marx and Ricardo both owed something to the obscurity of their prose and the ability of their disciples to find therein what they want to believe. But both had a stunning capacity to make themselves heard when they wished.

Yours faithfully,
John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

cc: Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Bill:

Sorry I didn't get to talk with you at the Council. Enclosed are copies of what I really said in Africa. Hope you wrote your column before last evening.

Peace, Andy

The Representative of the United States of America to the United Nations
United States Mission, United Nations
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Ambassador: The column [see p. 740] was written the day before I heard your speech. Thanks for the elucidation. Now I know a) what you are reported to have said; b) what you really said; and need now only to hear from you c) what you meant.

Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Bill:

I have just uncovered the authentic text (in *Transition #1*) and cannot dally in apprising you that what Gertrude Stein actually wrote was:

"Suppose, to suppose, suppose that a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose."

Note, *four* roses. And three supposes. And do not omit the two commas. Now, you are ONE UP.

As ever, Hugh Kenner
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

■ Dear Bill:

Cancel fund appeal! Will send details later!

Chilton Williamson
MGM Grand Hotel
Las Vegas, Nev.

**—WFB**

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# The French Have No Word for It

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

In 1972 the Communist Party of France, led by Georges Marchais, the Socialist Party, led by François Mitterrand, and the small Movement of the Radical Left, led by Robert Fabre, endorsed a "Common Program" and formed a united electoral front known as the "Union of the Left."

In the 1974 presidential election, the Union of the Left ran Mitterrand against Giscard d'Estaing, who was backed by a Center-Right coalition including his own Independent Republican Party (which recently dropped the "Independent"), the Gaullists, and the truncated Radical Party (from which the Radical Left had split), plus a few minor groupings. Giscard won by less than two percentage points (50.81 per cent against 49.19 per cent for Mitterrand).

In the nationwide municipal elections held three months ago, the Union of the Left's candidates got 50 per cent of the total vote.

A general election must be held, at the latest, in March 1978. If it were to take place today, the Union of the Left would, according to the opinion polls, get between 53 and 56 per cent of the vote, and thereby hold an absolute majority in the Assembly.

Let us add to this sequence the fact that the forces of the Center-Right that elected Giscard and constitute the majority in the current Assembly are sharply divided, with Giscard and Premier Raymond Barre, Jacques Chirac and his neo-Gaullist Rally for the Republic, and centrist mavericks like Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Jean Lecanuet squabbling over not merely leadership but basic political strategy.

Given these premises, the conclusion follows: it is probable—not certain, of course, nothing in politics being certain, but more probable than not—that a Communist-Socialist united front will gain control of the national legislature of France nine months from now.

The U.S. general public is, for the most part, either ignorant of this outlook or indifferent to it. The government officials and experts charged with such matters are presumably not ignorant but, by outward signs at least, are—unlike Henry Kissinger in his day—either indifferent or complacent. An effort seems to have been made, indeed, to construct a tranquilizing interpretation of these French (and comparable Italian) prospects.

### *The Anti-Paranoia Pill*

After all, we tell ourselves, a Union of the Left victory won't mean a Communist French government. The Communists will be restrained by their Socialist partners, who have been doing better than the Communists in recent elections. The Socialist, Mitterrand, will be Premier; West Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries have shown that Western democracies can manage with a socialist head of government. In any case, the French Communist Party has gone Eurocommunist and lost its fangs. With the help of Jimmy Carter and Andy Young, we have overcome our "inordinate fear of Communism" and now realize that Communists can be "a force for stability."

Let us suspend judgment on what Eurocommunism really amounts to and what an outright Communist government in France would do, and consider some likely consequences of a Union of the Left victory, even granted the rosy assumptions I have just listed.

1. There will be a French constitutional crisis. The constitution does not provide for the situation in which the Assembly majority and the President are in opposed political camps. More generally, it does not clearly define the political relation between the President (elected by direct national vote) and the Premier (nominated by the President but elected by the Assembly). If Giscard refuses to name Mitterrand Premier, the Assembly (controlled by the Union of the Left majority) will refuse to name anyone else, and government will be at an impasse. The Communists, with the Socialists tagging behind, will call the unions and other mass organizations into the streets to force Giscard's hand. If Giscard does name Mitterrand, most of the Center-Right will repudiate him; he will be left politically isolated and impotent.

Apart from the almost insoluble problem of forming a workable government, Marchais-Mitterrand will declare that the "new majority" makes it mandatory to hold an immediate presidential election so that the government as a whole can express and carry out the will of the people. This demand, too, will be backed up by strikes and other mass actions.

2. There will be a NATO crisis. Although the French armed forces are not formally part of the NATO command, France is an ally to the Western nations, and Western strategy assumes French participation as an essential element of Western defense. No matter what protestations Marchais may have meanwhile made, a French government including Communists at its highest levels will not be regarded as a reliable ally by the NATO command or by most NATO governments. The Communist presence will inevitably interfere with, even paralyze, NATO's functioning.

### *First, the Good News*

3. There will be a crisis in both the French economy and the European Economic Community. The Union of the Left's Common Program includes nationalization of all major French industries not already nationalized. Such nationalization, together with other statist and redistributionist measures in the Program, would convulse not only the French economy but the EEC economic structure that has developed over the past two decades. The imminent prospect of the Program's economic clauses' coming into effect will bring a loss of confidence by both Frenchmen and foreigners doing business in or with France, with consequent massive withdrawals of funds from France. (In fact, these withdrawals have already begun.)

4. The Communist presence will end the close relationship between France and West Germany, achieved by de Gaulle and Adenauer, that has been the key to West European recovery.

Let me repeat: These are among the probable consequences of the probable Union of the Left victory on the popular assumption that the French CP is no longer Communist. □

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COVER STORY

# I Say Lock 'Em Up, Spank Them, and Send Them Home

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

THE CONVICTION of *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, like that of porn star Harry Reems a few months before, sent shudders through American civil libertarians. Reems especially was thought to have received unfair treatment: he was prosecuted under a conspiracy law, when he had merely performed before a camera, in all innocence, a few routine unnatural acts, leaving the real scheming to the producers and distributors. Both Reems and Flynt also got the sympathy that often attaches to those who have the misfortune to be punished under old laws seldom invoked.

Some of their defenders, not content to seek redress for the two individuals, warned of dire consequences to the whole Republic. "Today Harry Reems, tomorrow Helen Hayes," said Warren Beatty. (As of this writing, Miss Hayes is still on the streets.) A group of well-known liberals signed an ad on behalf of "Larry Flynt: American Dissident," although *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham, having tardily made the acquaintance of Flynt's product, withdrew his name, and others questioned the propriety of Flynt's attempt to ride the coattails of Solzhenitsyn.

But it was left to the *New York Times*, headquarters of judicious alarmism, to hit the crystal-shattering high C with an article in its Sunday magazine asking "Has the First Amendment Met Its Match?" The obvious import of that question was that it would be a terrible thing indeed if the answer was yes. Never mind why. The automatic and uncritical veneration accorded the First Amendment (but not the Second, or the Third, or . . . ) is downright touching in an age when most people scoff at Mother and the flag. Surely no other public value has won such secure *sacra-bovinitas*.

Not only is the First beyond criticism, and critical thought: obscenity is widely regarded as the acid test of our commitment to freedom of expression. Unless we are willing to indulge even Larry Flynt, with his full-color close-ups of yawning vaginas and women urinating (and being urinated on), we are somehow betraying the American Vision. "I am not sure that *Hustler* is what Jefferson had in mind," quipped Lapham. Evidently not. But does that matter? Flynt's defenders, after all, contend that the First Amendment commits us to an ideal of liberty so strict that the pornographer inescapably enjoys the same latitude as the philosopher—whether we personally like it or *not*.

## A Right to Lie?

One might retort along the lines of Mr. Bumble that if the First Amendment says *that*, then the First Amendment is a ass, and a idiot, and we'd be better off without it. France and England don't have it, and they are generally recognized as free countries, despite their various restrictions on speech, the press, and access to electronic communications. Desirable or not, their example exposes as cant the notion that the slightest infraction of free expression poses a threat to Helen Hayes—a notion parallel to the old warning that Social Security laws would lead inexorably to Communism. No need to be Bumblesque about it, but it may sober up the discussion a little to acknowledge that liberty can be reasoned about, like any other large topic, without recourse to the bogus prophecy. Liberty is a solid, not a gas.

The obscenity problem is delicate in itself, and needs no further clouding; but that, alas, is the effect of the general confusion over the meaning of freedom of speech and of the press. Few people ask the obvious question: *In what sense* is freedom of speech a "right"? It is not an unqualified moral right, for you obviously have no right to lie, to insult, to incite malice, to betray confidences, and so forth; nor a social right, for other people have the right to punish what they deem your intolerable utterances by applying such extra-legal sanctions as ostracism (polite society properly excludes Jew-baiters, for instance); nor a legal right, for the law provides penalties for libel, fraud, false advertising, inciting to riot, and other injurious forms of speech; nor a political right, for, as Burke put it, it is absurd to demand of civil society "rights" inimical to the existence and survival of civil society. (Some people try to evade this last objection by arguing that the polity always profits, "ultimately" at least, by tolerating free discussion. That is merely a disguised form of the bogus prophecy. It implies that speech—tacitly identified, by the way, with "discussion"—is always beneficent, never destructive, in its effects. Unfortunately, happy endings are never inevitable; not even in parliamentary situations.)

Most of these restraints on speech do no more than embody the natural recognition that speech, like other kinds of human conduct, is limited by the


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various contexts in which it occurs. Such restraints do not mean that we are unfree; rather they define the *kind* of freedom we enjoy. The existence of speed limits on our highways has never caused anyone to think his freedom to travel was seriously impaired; nor did the lowering of the upper limit to 55 miles per hour lead Americans to fear that they would soon be forced to stay home. Even Warren Beatty could see through that one. But there is one more important sense in which free speech is thought to be an unqualified right.

## *The* Freedom of Speech

That of course is historical. As Americans, it is contended, we enjoy a unique guarantee of total freedom of utterance. So committed was Justice Hugo Black to this idea that he even argued that libel laws should be abolished (though it should be noted that his reasons were principled, not alarmist: he never said that failing to abolish them would finally tear down every other freedom, only that the First Amendment would reach full flower if they *were* abolished).

Unfortunately, this rests on a misreading of the First Amendment. As every schoolboy used to know, the Bill of Rights was a limitation on the new Federal Government. Hence it begins, "*Congress* shall make no law . . ." That merely ensured that central power would not be used in such a way as to abridge—what? Not a vague "freedom of expression," but "*the* freedom of speech, or of the press"—that is, freedoms already existent, and in the forms in which they were already known, including the limitations already defining them. *The* freedom of speech and of the press, as known to the young states, was far from absolute: not only were lewd and libelous utterances (among others) subject to criminal penalties; in many localities, a woman might be put in the stocks or pillory as a "common scold." The Fourteenth Amendment and subsequent Supreme Court decisions have substantially expanded the original meaning of the First, but the Court has never ruled that obscenity laws as such are unconstitutional. All-out libertarianism may yet find some strong arguments; it cannot pretend to much of a historical pedigree. (Most people who invoke the First Amendment cannot even quote it accurately, let alone say what it meant and did in 1791. The facts are scrupulously recounted and interpreted in Leonard Levy's *Freedom of Speech and Press in Early American History: Legacy of Suppression*. As the subtitle—originally the title—suggests, Professor Levy, a conscientious libertarian, was disappointed by his own findings. Nonetheless, he has given us a tonic antidote to constitutional idolatry.)

Like free speech, obscenity is an idea that seems to put a crimp in the minds of ordinarily straight thinkers. Columnist William Raspberry responded to Flynt's conviction by ridiculing the very concept of "obscenity," adding that Flynt and his customers should be permitted to do what they like in private, "as long as they don't force their filth on me."

## Flasher Lib

That sounds reasonable, except of course that Flynt's campaign is largely an assault on public standards of decency, as witness the very covers of his magazines. He and his competitors show not the slightest restraint about "forcing their filth" on everyone, everywhere. (By the way, Mr. Raspberry fails to explain how he distinguishes "filth," which he recognizes on the street, from "obscenity," the definition of which he thinks eludes philosophers.) If obscenity is a meaningless concept, then there are no grounds for forbidding Mr. Flynt to put Mr. Reems on a billboard. We must of course distinguish between what is permissible in private and what is tolerable for public exhibition (both in confined areas, for voluntary, paying spectators, and in open areas, where passersby can't avoid it). But we may as well face it: either we acknowledge objective standards of sexual propriety, along with the concomitant possibility of restricting even private consensual acts; or we abandon such standards, and get the billboards—leaving Mr. Raspberry, if he wishes to avoid filth, with the option of walking down the street with his eyes closed.

Maybe it is impossible to prohibit obscenity as such, but that does not make it necessary to abandon the concept. We can't ban injustice as such either, but that truism does not stop us from passing specific laws animated by an ideal of justice not easily codified. It is obviously feasible to specify what organs and what acts may not be put on display. We still prosecute the man who shows his penis to a little girl in the park, even to a consenting little girl; and if that is not in some sense an obscene act, her consent is immate-

*(Continues on page 738)*

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DIASPORA AND PROMISED LAND

*What is the attitude of American Jews toward the State of Israel? Does it resemble the Greek-American concern for Cyprus and the Anglo-American concern for Britain? Or is Israel their Vatican?*

# Who Is Israel?

JACOB NEUSNER

THE ELECTION OF Menahem Begin brings to the fore the deeply religious, even messianic, attitude toward the State of Israel held by Jews both in the State and abroad. The notion that annexation is liberation, the claim that God gave us the land and therefore it is ours—these clearly theological assertions enter the political arena. Is Zionism Judaism? If not, what *is* the relationship between Judaism and Zionism?

To understand the attitudes of American Jews toward the State of Israel you need a taste for ambiguity and irony. The ambiguity is in the meaning of "State" and "Israel"; the irony, in the passionate engagement with the destiny of the "holy land" on the part of people who are passionately American, deeply secular in the commonplace sense of the word, and uncommonly perplexed by the meaning of their own identity as Jews.

On the one side, the nearly unanimous concern for the welfare of the State of Israel—the Jewish state—on the part of American Jewry is interpreted as support of the old country by an ethnic group, with its parallels extending from Greek-American concern for Cyprus to the Anglo-American concern for Britain that led to our involvement in the Great War. Accordingly, Jews are an ethnic group and express a perfectly natural, and American, ethnic attitude.

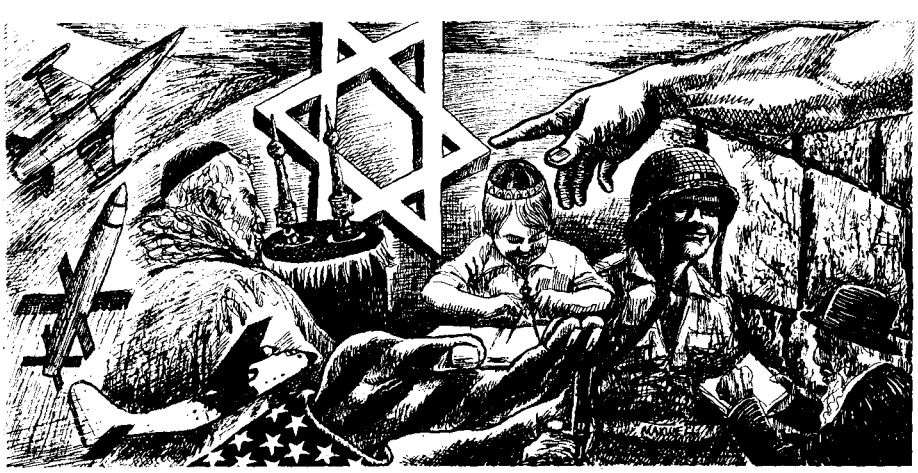
On the other side, Jews themselves insist that they form a religious group, and that Zionism constitutes an integral expression of Judaism. It follows that Jews are a churchly community and that the State of Israel represents not their "old country" (which it isn't) but their Vatican. This latter approach, of course, raises its own perplexities. Who ever heard of a Baptist national home? And when did Roman Catholics last demonstrate in behalf of papal governance of a slice of the Tiber's shore?

YET IF the perceived connection—indeed, the powerful sense of shared destiny—between the Jews of the American Diaspora and the State of Israel is not to be interpreted as religious, it surely is more than ethnic. The language associated with the State of Israel is the language of redemption. The hopes evoked are expressed in the imagery of classical Judaic messianism. The ancient prayers for the restoration of Zion—meant, in olden times, to express the messianic hope for the end of days—today are indistinguishable from prayers for the welfare of the State of Israel, containing phrases such as "the beginning of the sprouting forth of redemption."

But that merely leads to the further, perplexed question of whether Zionism is a Jewish mode of secular nationalism or a secular mode of Jewish messianism. The millennial and chiliastic emotions; the invocation of prophetic images of the end of days; the association, with the State of Israel, of the destiny of "the kingdom of priests and the holy people" of theological discourse; and the unnuanced allegation that "Zionism is Judaism"—these argue for the latter view.

Yet what can be *religious* about a state? From the Protestant perspective, Judaism is engaged in a kind of neo-Erastianism; from the Roman Catholic perspective, the ancient Israel after the flesh has confused the city of God with the city of man. The principal Western modes of Christianity scarcely understand this heightened sense of spirituality lavished by their Jewish friends and neighbors upon what to them is merely another secular state.

Unraveling the skein of ambiguity begins in the recognition that one man's act of religion is another man's secularism. What is an act of religious piety to a Roman Catholic is a work of idolatry to a Protestant of a certain



*Mr. Neusner is in the Department of Religious Studies at Brown University.*



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sort. What Christians long ago declared a matter of private conscience—the eating of pork, for example—is of importance in Judaism and Islam. For "religion" is a word that refers to different things for different "religions." The West fought for a hundred years before it found peace in the secularization of the state. It took another two hundred years to establish the proposition that nationality and religion are distinguished from one another. And the distinction even now seems—in Holland, for example—to make no difference whatsoever.

For the religions of the Middle East (Islam, Judaism, and the Oriental forms of Christianity), by contrast, religion defines nationality, and nationality, religion. Consider the State of Israel, with its law that matters of personal status—marriage, divorce, and the like—are settled by the authorities of church, mosque, or synagogue. And going no further from Israel than Lebanon, the "Christian" armies there seem incongruous to Western Protestants and Catholics, and the use of the cross as a military emblem an anachronism (if not blasphemy). And indeed it is, except in the lands untouched by the Reformation and the Catholic Renaissance of the nascent centuries of our modernity.

JUDAISM, for its part, seriously entered the West only when large numbers of Jews migrated from the lands of Eastern Europe. In the vast Jewries of Poland, Ukraine, Lithuania, White Russia, Hungary, and the South Slavic territories, to be a Jew was to dress in a certain way, eat in a certain way, and pray in a certain way, and so it was also for the diverse forms of Christian nationality. The Jews had their own language and vastly articulated culture, forming a distinctive nationality and religion as well. There was no separating the two. They were a nation of one religion, and theirs was a religion of one nation.

Entering the West—and this means, principally, coming to America and Canada three generations ago—the Jews in forty years had to accommodate themselves to four hundred years of Western cultural history.

To begin with, the immigrants hardly tried. Their natural inclination was to continue life as if they had not been uprooted. Overcoming the deep sense both of being aliens and of alienation, they reconstructed as best they could the Yiddish civilization of the East on the sidewalks of New York. It was left to their children to become the real Americans. And they did—with a vengeance.

The second generation did not merely give up the heritage of the first—a thousand-year-old heritage of language, culture, and deeply spiritual values. It deliberately obliterated that ancient civilization through a conscious act of forgetting. The children not only spoke American, they became American by deliberately forgetting that they were also something else and by feigning ignorance of the fact that no one else believed they weren't. For the other Americans didn't perceive the Jewish Americans as very American. The decades of the second generation, from about 1920 to about 1945, witnessed the exclusion of the Jews from the mainstream of American life and the unembarrassed expression of antisemitism in institutions of cultural and economic life.

The third generation therefore put on a new cloak: to be American in all ways but religion. To be Jewish now meant to be a kind of American, differentiated solely by matters of religious faith. And Judaism was understood to be a kind of religion not different in its deep structures and definitive traits from other American religions. Will Herberg spelled all this out in his classic work, *Protestant–Catholic–Jew*, showing that the three "religions of democracy" had been forced into a common American mold. That other side of "being Jewish"—the side excluded from the category of religion by the prevailing understanding of what a religion could contain and had to exclude—was kept hidden.

The consensus of the third generation, then, may be simply stated: "To be Jewish, but not too much so"—not so much that one could not also find a place in the undifferentiated mass of Americans. It was this consensus that was to fall to pieces in the late 1960s. And it was at that point, principally because of the traumas of 1967 and 1973, that Zionism became a definitive component of the American Jewish worldview.

For the children of the third generation took seriously what their parents had set forth rather casually. Inevitably, therefore, the fragile consensus had to break into its conflicting components. For some, not being too Jewish meant not being Jewish at all. The flow out of the Jewish community and into movements of political or religious redemption was torrential. For others, if one was to be Jewish at all, then that meant more than the moderation of learning, the suppression of passion, the benign formality of joining a synagogue but not taking too active a part in its religious activities.

*But in our day Jews had to choose which of their children would live and which would die, and they were not one man but thousands and thousands. Our people by oppression and judgment was taken away*

The wheel had come full circle. The religious tradition of Judaism, with its insistence upon the sanctification of the profane and the requirement of expressing God's will in each and every aspect of everyday life, overspread the limits of permitted religiosity.

The religious way of life defined by Judaism cannot be confined to the walls of the synagogue, on the one side, or to the limits of merely ethical behavior with one's fellow human beings, on the other. Praying and ethics are part of Judaism, but not the whole. Learning in Torah—the sanctification of the intellect in the service of God's word—has some counterpart in Christianity, but outweighs all else in Judaism. The people of Israel, God's people, is simply not a church, and the meaning of being "Israel" is not to be compared, in its intellectual problematic, to ecclesiology. And, it must be said, the place of the Messiah in the redemption of Israel and the study of Christology have nothing to do with each other.

Christians nonetheless may understand if they try to imagine how things would appear under the following aspect: Israel (meaning, the Jewish people) is God's servant. The suffering of

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Israel bears meaning for the nations. The redemption of humanity depends upon Israel, whose suffering now will in time gain atonement for the sins of the world, and by whose redemption humanity will be redeemed. Re-read Isaiah Chapters 53 and 54 and understand that they refer to the Jewish people. At that point—if you can do it—you will enter into the imaginative context of Israel, the Jewish people.

Now back to the present. For a moment I cease to describe, and wish to tell you my own sense of these matters. When I read those verses, I think only of the Israel after the flesh of which I am part: "He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and as one from whom men hide their faces; he was despised, and we esteemed him not." Keep in mind the meaning of the extermination of millions of European Jews: "Like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living, stricken for the transgression of my people?" Kierkegaard struggled with Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son, Isaac. But in our day Jews had to choose which of their children would live and which would die, and they were not one man but thousands and hundreds of thousands. Our people by oppression and judgment was taken away.

And as for their friends and neighbors, who considered that trainloads of human cargoes crossed Europe to extinction in the East? And who was stricken when a million children, two or three or four years of age, were taken from their parents, and were shoveled directly into the crematoria, without even prior asphyxiation? The silence of the good Europeans echoes in the silence of America and Britain. We read those words of Isaiah, understood by two millennia of Christians to refer to Jesus Christ, and we know of whom Isaiah spoke and what he prophesied, and not for one time and one generation only.

For us, therefore, the State of Israel is called by its rightful name, *Israel.* While Jews do not confuse the decisions of the Israeli parliament with the will of God, nearly all understand the State to be something like that "diminished sanctity" of which Ezekiel spoke in the aftermath of the destruction of the First Temple in 586 B.C. And all know that had there been no Holocaust, there also would be no State. None perceives the State as a mere this-worldly thing, convenient for relocating the remnants of European Jewry and the Jewish refugees from Arab states.

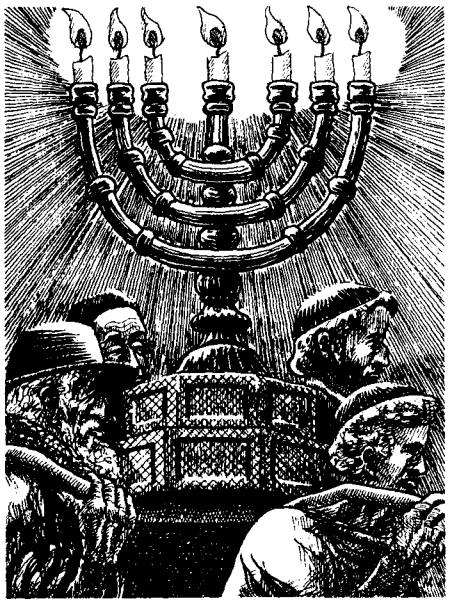
Yet, you rightly object, are you Jews not secular? Where are the stigmata of religiosity, to make credible your claim of religious significance for the State of Israel? If you have no religious convictions about other matters, then how are we to grasp what can be religious for you in this one thing? The question is fair; the answer is not easy.

*All know that had there been no Holocaust, there also would be no State. None perceives the State as a mere this-worldly thing, useful for relocating the remnants of European Jewry and refugees from Arab states*

For the bulk of Western Jewry—exclusive of Orthodoxy and limited segments of non-Orthodox Judaism—will not concur that to be Jewish is to be a Judaist (that is, a practitioner of Judaism). Jews outside of the U.S. and Canada, and many here as well, do not acknowledge an inexorable tie between being Jewish and confessing Judaism.

At this point one's conception of secularity enters the picture. If you hold that secularity requires a wholly this-worldly and factual interpretation of life, then there is nothing secular about the intense engagement with "being Jewish"—namely, with who is Israel—exhibited by the vast majority of secular Jews. If thirst for salvation and quest for redemption are marks of a truly religious spirit, then what is *not* religious about the messianic hopes and heightened sense of participating in foreordained events characteristic of secular Jews?

If to give for humanitarian purposes is secular (as well as religious), but to sacrifice and focus one's whole being upon the object of sacrifice is a salvific mode of life, then the curiously practical and concrete ways in which Jews center their collective life upon support for the State of Israel surely bear salvific meaning. For the righteousness (bordering, alas, upon self-righteousness) associated with the secular act of supporting the United Jewish Appeal or even Bonds of the State of Israel is not a secular fact. To those who do these deeds because of "being Jewish," there is nothing secular about them. If you recall that Judaism for its part expresses its beliefs in concrete, practical deeds in the secular world, you will have to concede that, from the viewpoint of Judaism, those who see the UJA as a kind of shrine are not entirely incomprehensible.



And that brings us back to where we started, the problem of understanding the feelings and attitudes of American Jews toward the State of Israel. The ambiguities remain, but we understand how they are generated. The irony of religious passions' being lavished by mainly secular people upon a state which, like all other states, is a contingent and this-worldly fact, now may be richly enjoyed. Indeed, once you achieve an understanding of this rather curious phenomenon of the larger American culture, you are apt to see ironies and ambiguities where formerly you saw only what is obvious and given, even in the self-evident truths of your own situation. □



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THE OPEN QUESTION

# Response from NYC, Firefighting Division

JOHN T. O'HAGAN

BACK TO THE harpsichord, Daniel Oliver, and leave the problem of life safety in high-rise buildings to those who are familiar with it.

Your article is so replete with error that it is difficult to decide where to begin to correct your false impressions. Suppose we enumerate them:

1. On August 5, 1970, a fire at New York Plaza consumed a total of 40,000 square feet of floor space on the 33rd and 34th floors, took two lives, and did $10 million worth of damage to the building and contents; if it had not been for the heroic efforts of the New York City firefighters, the consequences would have been more devastating. Since then many other spectacular fires have destroyed the dangerous myth that fires in high-rise buildings are a thing of the past.

2. The Committee that took two years—and tens of thousands of man-hours—to develop Local Law 5, far from attempting to impose government's will through a "draconian fire code," relied heavily on the private sector (70 per cent of the Committee) in devising an acceptable solution.

3. An executive of one of the largest real estate corporations in the city testifies that full compliance with Local Law 5 can be achieved for less than $1 per square foot—half the cost of your wall-to-wall carpeting. The office market is improving, the oversupply of space is being reduced, and your dire prediction of bankruptcies is unfounded. In spite of the unfortunate court decision, many responsible building owners continue to comply with the law and are making substantial progress toward safety without suffering financial distress.

4. The feasibility of pressurized stairways was demonstrated by the City in full-scale fire tests conducted by the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in April of 1972. Such systems are in operation throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe. The City sponsored Brooklyn Polytech's undertaking of additional tests to develop design criteria that the industry and consultant engineers had failed to come up with. Those tests confirmed and strengthened the original findings of feasibility.

5. Testimony from hundreds of people who have been trapped in high-rise buildings and exposed to the smoke and heat, and the uncertainty that accompanies a fire, revealed that a prime problem was the lack of information and direction. This magnified the problem of panic, exposure, and unnecessary movement. A system of communication and evacuation was devised that had worked successfully in over a dozen serious fires, using the Fire Wardens that Mr. Oliver and Judge Kirschenbaum find so abhorrent. The concept of assigning Fire Wardens to assist in fire situations was written into law after the tragic Triangle Shirtwaist fire in 1911, over the objections of The League of Property Owners (sounds familiar doesn't it?). It is strange that now, some 66 years later, it has become illegal.

## *Not My Bête Noire*

6. Regarding Mr. Kaufman, whose word you accept as gospel and whose conduct causes him to be rejected by his own colleagues in the real estate industry, you are wrong again. He is not my *bête noire* but one of our best customers. We have responded to fire incidents in his buildings on 29 occasions in the past seven years, graphically reflecting his attitude toward fire safety. The difficulty my men had in finding the fire you mentioned was during one of those responses where the entire building was filled with smoke. The building was not properly equipped and the staff was poorly trained. We were forced to search floor by floor until the fire was found. Can you imagine the chaos, suffering, and loss of life that could have occurred if this had happened an hour later when the building was occupied?

7. General statement of fact.

a) The City is committed and has allocated funds, prepared plans, and requested bids to bring its buildings into compliance.

b) People on floors other than the fire floor are not perfectly safe, and there are hundreds of people who were on floors above the fire who have been hospitalized as a result of the distribution of smoke by the various buildings' systems. Evacuations have to be managed on a selective basis depending on the manner in which the fire develops.

c) Fire Safety Directors are specifically cautioned during their twenty-hour training program that they are not amateur firemen and are not to behave as such.

## *Arms, Legs, Typewriters*

Local Law 5 is responsible legislation that has been adopted in principle by the General Services Administration of the Federal Government, numerous local jurisdictions in the United States, and many foreign governments. To appreciate its significance you would have to have experience in dealing with the crisis generated by a high-rise fire that has exceeded containable proportions: arms and legs waving outside windows to attract attention, typewriters and chairs thrown through windows to obtain air to breathe, reports of trapped people from a dozen sources, stretchers carrying victims to the hospital without signs of life, and reports from heavily engaged firefighters that progress is slow because of intense heat, while the smoke grows blacker and flames increase in size. Never having had the responsibility for managing a crisis of this magnitude, nor answering the questions of the survivors as to why this happened and can it happen again, the Olivers and the Kaufmans and the Kirschenbaums can be cavalier in their approach to high-rise fires. Those of us who have to deal directly with the problem and whose constituents are the people who work in high-rise buildings are not afforded that luxury. □

*Mr. O'Hagan, New York City Fire Commissioner, wrote this article in reply to "Letter from NYC, Firefighting Division: Local Law 5," by Daniel Oliver, April 1.*



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FROM GOLDWATER TO MARCUSE

*It's the only explanation. The Karl Hess* Playboy *interviewed is an entirely different creature from the Karl Hess the author knew and admired. Will the real Karl Hess please return?*

# Karl Hess and the Doppelgänger

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

EVER SINCE HE nailed his 21 theses to the outhouse door, a strange and persistent figure calling himself Karl Hess has roamed the journalistic byways. His pronouncements have appeared in such organs of intellectual and moral acuity as *The New York Times Magazine* and *Playboy*. He can be seen on the more fashionable talk shows. He is uniformed in dungarees, workshirt, and boots—when in doubt, embrace the proletariat—and is given to the titillating vocabulary of the men's bar and the smoker.

There was once another Karl Hess, and I knew him intimately for years—ambitious, cutting a throat from time to time, but only when absolutely necessary; on balance open and generous, worshipping his heroes, a happy political buccaneer, an extremist in his inthusiasms whether they pointed to the left or the right. (Only Arthur Schlesinger Jr. can be an extremist of the center.) He was a writer of talent and persuasiveness, careful of his facts no matter where his opinions might lead.

Are the two men the same? Having studied the "new" Karl Hess and having the advantage of my insights into the "old," I have come to the conclusion that the Karl Hess I knew has vanished, to be replaced by a *Doppelgänger*—created perhaps from a stray fingernail by the Institute for Policy Studies, that furtive and necromantic think-tank of the New Left. A man may change his politics but not his rhetoric, and the rhetoric of the *Doppelgänger* is intolerably sleazy. The "new" Karl Hess, moreover, has been badly briefed on the chronology and the facts of the "old" Karl Hess's life and activities.

We are dealing, clearly, with two separate creatures.

I have tried very hard to avoid this conclusion, but a recent *Playboy* interview has made it inescapable. The real Karl Hess would never have sat still for the false and inflated account of his past that emerges from the gee-whiz introduction to that interview. His sense of humor would not have permitted it.

The introduction describes him as "the quintessential conservative" in his Goldwater days; an "advisor on congressional politics to the Eisenhower Administration"; the "principal writer of the 1960 and 1964 Republican platforms"; "speech- and ghostwriter for most conservative politicians including Nixon and Ford"; the "Shakespeare of the Right"; "a member of what he now calls 'the boozy, lecherous, carnivorously ambitious suburban middle class'" who "abandoned his lucrative political career to become a blue-collar worker." It also finds in him "one of the most important political theoreticians on the New Left" (this, at least, having read Marcuse and Jerry Rubin, I can readily accept).

If he was ever the "quintessential conservative," it escaped the notice of his colleagues on the Right. He was never a political theorist—always an activist, looking for action wherever he could find it. For a long time, that most prescient of men, Whittaker Chambers, refused to meet him. "Watch out for Karl Hess," he told me. "Today he's on your side but tomorrow he'll be with the enemy." By that, Chambers did not mean to imply that Karl Hess was an evil man, simply a will-o'-the-wisp. And that was how his friends saw him. A fellow reporter on the old *Times-Herald* recalls that one night they were crossing the Taft Bridge in uptown Washington. Karl stopped the car and displayed his quintessential conservatism by saying, "Let's blow it up."

Karl Hess was not an advisor to the Eisenhower Administration on congressional politics. During the Eisenhower years, Karl was variously a) press editor of *Newsweek* in New York, b) unemployed after having been fired for too flamboyantly supporting Senator

*Mr. Toledano is a syndicated columnist. His most recent book, his 17th, is* Let Our Cities Burn, *a study of public-employee unions.*



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Joe McCarthy, c) on the staff of an oilmen's trade association, d) in Ohio working on special projects for the Champion Paper Company where, to his credit, he produced a beautifully printed monograph on the protracted conflict with the Soviet Union, written by James Burnham, e) briefly in Washington at my request to assist in the preparation of a House Republican Policy Committee response to John F. Kennedy's loose charges that there was a "missile gap." This is hardly being in the "vortex of American political power."

## *Moving Left*

If he wrote the 1960 Republican platform, it was one of Washington's best-kept secrets, and I do not remember even having seen him at that year's convention. He did write much of the 1964 platform, and his contribution, a major one, was to keep it short, boiling down the input of the platform chairman, Representative Melvin Laird. Having been fairly close to Richard Nixon until 1968, when the Oval Office and H. R. Haldeman swallowed him up, I heard of no speech- or ghostwriting by Karl Hess, though surely I would have known about it. And I can think of no speech by Gerald Ford graceful enough to have come from Karl's typewriter.

But the *Doppelgänger* slips most grievously when he leads *Playboy* to believe that Karl Hess "abandoned his lucrative political career" in order to become a horny-handed son of toil. In the aftermath of the Goldwater defeat, Karl was flat broke, all conservative doors cruelly closed to him. Shabbily pushed aside by the Republican Party for which he had worked, he pleaded with Mel Laird for a job, any job, even one running an elevator in the House Office Building—and met rejection. It was only then that he turned to welding and metal sculpture—eschewing the dark suit, button-down oxford shirt, and knit tie and donning the blue collar. At that time, he quite frankly stated to friends that, not being able to make a living on the Right, he was moving left.

It is, however, in the body of the *Playboy* interview that I find conclusive proof for my belief that it is a *Doppelgänger* speaking. The real Karl Hess knew too much to assert that the Soviet secret police, which has tortured and slaughtered millions of people, is no different from the FBI. He could never have argued that the Soviet and American systems are essentially the same, except that the Russians "can vote for only one candidate, here we have two." He was too aware of the forced labor camps and mental institutions into which dissidents like himself are regularly thrown.

The real Karl Hess could not have so far forgotten his personal chronology as to tell *Playboy* that when he was "writing the Republican platform in 1960, the people at the American Enterprise Institute [AEI] . . . asked me to be their director of special projects and I said sure. And when [Senator Goldwater] called for some help on his nuclear test ban opposition, I was his man." Obviously the *Doppelgänger* didn't know that Karl was in Ohio in 1960; was working for me as executive editor of *Washington World* in 1961; and did not move to AEI until 1962. The real Karl Hess would never have said that he "helped start" NATIONAL REVIEW or that "Bill Baroody and I edited a book for Mel Laird called *The Conservative Papers*," when it is a matter of record that he and I edited the book, though Laird took the credit for it.

Even more revealing is the *Doppelgänger*'s account of his war with the Internal Revenue Service over what he now calls principled tax resistance: "I'd asked the auditor/robber who was handling my case/theft if he didn't think a certain perfectly legitimate deduction was right. He replied to the effect that it didn't matter if it was right. All that mattered was the law. I remember saying to myself, 'Oh Lord, here's a guy who thinks there's a difference between right and law. A perfect Nazi soldier.' . . . I notified them that I wasn't going to pay taxes any more—ever. And by way of explanation, I enclosed a copy of the Declaration of Independence."

That is not the way the real Karl Hess told it to me. Subjected to an audit, Karl discovered that he had lost his records. They could have been reconstructed, and I urged him to do so. But as the matter dragged on, with the IRS pressing him, an increasingly "anarchist" Karl Hess decided that he had a moral right to an untaxed status, leaving it to those who paid their taxes to provide for a national defense and other services in which he still believed.

And then there is this exchange, notable for its meanness of spirit and looseness with the facts:

> *Playboy*. Did you ever rely entirely on the FBI for one of your "exposés"?
>
> *Hess*. Are you kidding. What other source was there? You don't think anybody on the Right did any research, do you?
>
> *Playboy*. Well, we did kind of assume—
>
> *Hess*. No way. Ralph de Toledano, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Bill Buckley—all of us got material from the government. We didn't have to do any investigative reporting if we didn't want to. All you had to do to be an anti-Communist was sign up. Then they'd send you people's names and Communist Party membership card numbers in the mail. Some of us won journalism prizes just for going to the post office.

It is not that Karl Hess never got a Communist Party card number from the FBI, in the mail or in person—as none of us ever did. It's not that Karl Hess never wrote that kind of "exposé"—though I did, by dint of hard digging, as he has acknowledged in print. It's not that precious few, if any, won journalism prizes for their stories on the Communists—and the more solidly documented they were, the harder the kicks you received from your liberal colleagues. What goes to the heart of the matter is that those words were spoken to strike at the professional competence and integrity of people Karl numbered among his friends—and the real Hess would never have done that.

## *Imprudently Pro-McCarthy*

The real Karl Hess loved people, even as he loved ideas. The *Doppelgänger* is not interested in ideas but in slogans with which to bash in the heads of his opponents. The true anarchist hopes to build on the good he sees in human beings. But the *Doppelgänger* is a Nichevist whose method is deceit and whose end is destruction. In the name of the good, he plays on man's baser nature. It is all bravura.

There was always an element of the bravura in Karl Hess, though it was never tainted by cynicism. But there was also a quality of gentleness and courage. He had the courage to continue his espousal of the McCarthy cause when it was no longer prudent to do so, and to put career and livelihood on the line in the process. He had the physical courage to plead with



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*Newsweek* for permission to join a Chinese Nationalist raiding party, going into the Mainland, though the slightest miscalculation would have meant his death.

Karl Hess was never really a conservative, because to be a conservative one must start at the beginning with a clear evaluation of man's nature and man's fate. (It is much easier, intellectually, to be an atheist than to believe in God.) But though he latterly deplored the religious concept, he had no desire to cauterize from the body politic those who thought in transcendental terms. In fact, Karl Hess was a practicing Catholic into the Fifties. The *Doppelgänger* would have it otherwise —that he became an atheist in his teens as a result of a great experience—working in a mortuary. Why? "I don't see how you can fail to become an atheist after dissecting all those people. I mean, nothing flies out. They don't sing or laugh or dance any more." The real Karl Hess would have shrunk from such adolescent twaddle.

It is a measure of the man that Karl Hess's retreat from conservatism was accepted by those who knew and loved him with sorrow rather than anger. He had brought them into the ambiance of his life by his onrushing enthusiasms, as well as by his romantic and naïve approach to life and politics. After his brief and unhappy stint in H. L. Hunt's Texas vineyard, Karl remarked, "I used to hear Hunt talking about how 'they' were plotting this and 'they' were doing that. I thought the 'they' referred to the Jews. But, you know, Hunt was also talking about the Catholics." And his friends took joy from his momentous discovery.

## *Fighting Together*

Perhaps Karl Hess did his most serious political thinking in the period when, though already in the thrall of the rigidly structured New Left, he was trying to arrive at an independent political position—not Left, not Right, but influenced by a philosophical anarchism conservatives can fully understand. In 1968, he wrote the introduction and notes for a collection of my columns and fugitive pieces, *America, I-Love-You*. He was writing then more about me, though he appears to have seen me as the symbol of what he most admired in conservatism:

> If, then, we are to find a Left and Right perspective, economically, we must look . . . in practical terms to the tough, usually small, entrepreneurs, often technically oriented, who wish that the government would get the hell out of the way and let people compete (no matter how fiercely) strictly on the basis of their own energy, creativity, and productivity. Philosophically, we have to look to the few constant philosophers of capitalism such as Ayn Rand and Henry Hazlitt and . . . the most economically learned of them all, Milton Friedman.

Or:

> Toledano fights for freedom, or more precisely in the direction of freedom, the direction of orderly freedom and away from the direction of orderly totalitarianism. We fight together there. But I do not revere the community as he does. I revere the mind of man and the independence of men from the oppression of other men beyond any portion of the community.

## *The Real Hess*

He could be moved by a piece on America because "it was written at a time when in no major journal of opinion . . . was there any houseroom at all for even the simplest appreciation of this marvelous land, and its marvelous people. Instead it was written at the time of the highest skepticism and the harshest criticism of the land and the people"—a skepticism and criticism which is the new Karl Hess's major article of trade.

He could find cause for deep concern because

> one of the most cruel spectacles of our time has been the way American intellectuals . . . have stood by silently while tribal despots wage genocidal war against whole peoples in Africa while reserving their full and only anger for such regimes as that of Rhodesia, whose great crime has been to base its voting eligibility upon property requirements, precisely as some of our Founding Fathers so earnestly and honestly wanted to do.

The real Karl Hess could write that

> unlike President Johnson, who simply put the nation in danger of bankruptcy, . . . Secretary McNamara put us all in danger of actual destruction . . . to serve a belief that this nation should not initiate any innovations in weapons until *after* the Communists had begun something. This appalling decision . . . may in the 1970s place the Soviet Union in command of weapons which will give it a clear balance of power over everyone else in the world. At such a time all the pious talk of ideologies and rights and wrongs, or rights and lefts, may be tossed right out the window. They will be meaningless.

And, of the writer now described by the *Doppelgänger* as a whore of the FBI: "There is no question that Ralph is in love with all the feelings, the mystical feelings of America. I happen to share most of them also because it is America that set the mind of man fully free to seek whatever heights it could. It was America that sloughed off birth and privilege and put all its chips on talent and energy. But there was nothing mystic in it." And nothing boozy and carnivorous.

This was the real Karl Hess, decent and questing for honest answers to perplexing questions. This was the Karl Hess who could write that we would "die as friends, I hope"—and would have written the same of others. I am still here, as are the others. But he has drifted off into the miasmal mists of a thwarted ideology. Those of us who knew him well, whether we stand to the left or right of the mythical center, can only mourn the absence of our friend and pray for his speedy return as we watch him cavorting in his sad and vulgar dance. □

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# The Politics Of Envy

BERTRAND RUSSELL has told us that envy is the driving force behind democracy, and, certainly, it has become a pervasive factor in our political life, borne along by the increasing secularization of the West. If the life on earth is the only one we have, after all, then the distribution of material goods is of cardinal importance. He who has more seems to have it at the expense of him who has less. Though this is rarely true, it is psychologically unarguable. It would be interesting to know how most people would react if they were promised double their net income, but only on condition that a neighbor of theirs would get ten times as much. Would they accept?

At this level, the politics of envy are a prime factor at work in the redistributionist welfare state, where the middle-income groups are somewhat consoled for the level of their taxes by the knowledge that those in the higher brackets are paying much more. At a rather higher pitch, envy was at the root of the three revolutions that shook the foundations of the West: the French, the Russian, and the German. All three were basically a mobilization of the masses against the elites. That is obvious in the case of the first two, but it is every bit as true of the German revolution, which was directed not only against the elitist German Jewry, but also against noblemen, priests, "plutocrats," intellectuals, and artists.

## *Some Are More Equal . . .*

But it is the Communist revolution that has used the envy motivation to the utmost degree, in its ideological warfare against "monopoly capitalism" and "imperialism." Communism tries to convince all and sundry that immense profits flow into the pockets of the rich while the proletariat starves, the women turning to prostitution, and men to the bottle. (Work is the curse of the drinking classes.) This imagery, still to be found on Soviet posters, is nowadays truest of the USSR itself—compare the caviar and vodka orgies in the Kremlin to the horrors of Gulag. It hardly makes a splash in Western Europe, where the workers have achieved more or less middle-class status. When talking to leading Communists in France or Italy, I can address them *only* ironically as "proletarians"—although "Proletarians of All Countries Unite!" is still printed on the front page of their newspapers. (The East German Communist press dropped this some time ago.)

In Latin America, however, the classes are separated by a gulf. The poor —owing to dilatory work habits, often harsh and infertile terrain, the thoughtless procreation of children (*machismo*!), and the ravages of drugs and alcohol—are very poor, and are ruled by small, tough, industrious, rich minorities partly of foreign origin. Since the rich there do not mind displaying their wealth, envy is a very live force, and, to make matters worse, it is not localized: thanks to the mass media, the proletariat realizes that in North America and Europe, the living standards of entire nations are on such a different scale that even their poor seem rich by comparison. Whereupon these countries become the targets of collective envy, and are represented as rapacious consumers of much more than their share of the world's resources. This same argument—that poverty is a matter of distribution—is used within each country as well: the poor are told that they are poor because others are rich.

But they do not realize (and sometimes the propagandists do not either) that, because there is no significant middle class, their social pyramids have very broad bases and then rise abruptly in a long, thin, conspicuous needle. If broken off, melted down, and poured over the base like icing, the needle's substance would raise the living standard of the masses virtually not at all. But the rich, constantly menaced by threats of expropriation, salt away their profits in the United States or Europe and refrain from reinvesting in their own countries. This is not very patriotic, but it is certainly humanly understandable. (The Peruvian upper crust, had they not done so, would now be totally destitute.) All this can be changed only if and when new work ethics—entirely new forms of living and behaving—are introduced.

And this is no easy matter, as some Latin American Communists, even though they still often use the old-fashioned Marxist rhetoric, fully realize. The first time I was in Colombia, two decades ago, I had a fascinating conversation with a group of young intellectuals. "As patriots" they advocated Communism. "There is no other way," they said, "to make our country strong, rich, and honored. Our people just will not work if they are not forced to. The whip has to dance on their bare backs."

"And may I ask which is the role you have chosen for yourselves," I inquired, "to offer your bare backs or to swing the whip?" No reply.

## *Msgr. Hammer and Sickle*

All too often, these young intellectuals are joined by members of the Catholic hierarchy. The late Father Lebret, the actual author of the Encyclical *Populorum Progressio*, told the seminarians in São Paulo some years ago that he suspected God was on the side of the Communists and that he was not at all unhappy about this. A prominent Brazilian bishop, Dom Pedro Casaldáliga, is a special devotee of Moscow. In one book he says: "Damned be all private property," and calls himself "Monsignor Hammer and Sickle." In his latest work, *Yo Creo en la Justicia y en la Esperanza* (*I Believe in Justice and Hope*), he writes: "Capitalism never can be Christian, only socialism can." When a fellow bishop singled him out for his Communist leanings, other members of the hierarchy, including an archbishop, leapt to his defense. And this is the supreme irony. In Czechoslovakia, in the Baltic countries, in the USSR, Communists brutally persecute the Church. In Latin America, they can count on the Successors of the Apostles to act unblushingly as their pioneers and allies. □



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WHOSE ALASKA?

*On one side are the environmentalists, who want to preserve everything for future generations; on the other side are the developers. The stakes are high: America's last and richest frontier*

# Battle for the Last Frontier

NICHOLAS KING

IN JUST TWO WEEKS, if all goes well, the first oil from the North Slope of Alaska will start flowing into the eight-hundred-mile pipeline to Valdez on the south coast to begin the spill of wealth from the ultimate American treasure-house.

The event dramatizes a great and growing conflict that already has all the drama it needs. For it concerns no less than the carving-up of the last, the richest, and perhaps the most overwhelming frontier of all. Alaska's 600,000 square miles of mountain and glacier, forest and tundra, lakes and rivers and endless coast, with all that lives among them and rests beneath them, lie open to our disposing as never before. The idea of ordering it for ourselves is almost too great a responsibility, and too great an opportunity, to assume.

At least the idea has not realized itself so far very reassuringly. Indeed the projected dissection of this vast state resembles nothing so much as the division of Africa among the European colonial powers in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The stakes are not exactly the same. No people, or very few, are involved this time. But it is the same desperate competition for riches that, just as in the old Africa, are for the most part only imagined. It is also of course a competition for prestige and for power. The map of Alaska is already a checkerboard of conflicting claims; and if the squares and polygons are not colored red for the British or purple for the French, they are nevertheless staked out as empires. As in the past, imperialism is being carried out in the name of the people's good, not just the people of Alaska but of all the United States. And not just in the name of the people but in the name of beings that are not people, that is, mammals, birds, fish, insects, flora, and even rocks and ice.

On one side of the conflict are the environmentalists, who with great sincerity want to preserve almost everything of natural value for future generations of scientists, tourists, and the general public. On the other is what might be called the Alaska establishment of business developers and their representatives, who are not against natural value but who want to make sure that the untapped and largely unknown resources of this vast region remain open to standard exploitation. The cockpit of the battle is at present in the House of Representatives in Washington, where environmentalist Congressman Morris Udall's Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (HR-39) has been the subject of hearings before the Subcommittee on General Oversight and Alaska Lands. These hearings have been held around the country too, and the subcommittee will decamp to Alaska itself for more hearings there during the summer. The bill is expected to be ready for action by the House as early as this fall. (The Senate has not yet scheduled any hearings.)

The history of Alaska land legislation is simple. It begins in 1958 when Alaska became a state. thus making its territory subject to the regulations, exploitatory and otherwise, that govern what Alaskans refer to as "the lower 48." The statehood act gave Alaska 103 million acres of its total area of 375 million for its own disposition as state land, much more than had been customary with new states in the past—but then no other new state ever possessed thousands of square miles unexplored and even unnamed. In 1971, Congress passed the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act which dealt with the demands and requirements of the state's indigenous populations of Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts by giving them another 44 million acres around their villages and other places of habitation. The same law authorized the Secretary of the Interior to earmark up to 120 million acres more for incorporation into one of four federal conservation systems—a) national parks, b) national wildlife refuges, c) wild and scenic rivers, and d) national forests. These lands are known as D-2 lands after the provision in the bill which covers them, distinct from public interest lands (D-1), which are less protected. While hunting and fishing and logging and even mining are possible on D-2 lands, they must be closely controlled. In 1973, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton designated approximately 83 million acres of land for the D-2 category.

***Some environment lobbyists even talk of extending the protection of nature to the continent of Asia and making international parks across the Bering Strait in Siberia***

*Mr. King, a former United Press correspondent in London and Paris, and U.S. Press Attaché in Paris and at the UN, is now a freelance writer in New York City.*

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The Udall bill represents the big reach of environmentalist ambition, relegating 146.5 million acres, or 39 per cent of Alaskan territory, to what opponents call "single-use management," meaning primarily the protection of wildlife. The bill would eliminate assignment of land as national forest, the most easily penetrated of the four kinds of protection, and greatly expand the Rogers Morton lands, distributed among the other three, to cover almost every major region of environmental value in the state, based on the principle of eco-system preservation. This means not only saving a natural phenomenon, be it mountain or river or breeding ground, but also saving those things which make the phenomenon possible—watersheds, drainage basins, approaches, buffer zones, and so forth. To environmental purists, this is not ambitious; it is a minimum. All nature interlocks, and there can be no reasonable demarcation of it by man-made lines drawn on maps. Some environment lobbyists even talk of extending the protection of nature to the continent of Asia and making international parks across the Bering Strait in eastern Siberia, provided of course that the Soviets develop our kind of consciousness respecting such matters.

THE POSITION of the Alaska establishment is summarized in proposals supported by Alaska Senator Ted Stevens and Congressman Don Young, both Republicans, now in the form of a shadow bill. These proposals designate 25 million acres of wild land as "core areas" which would become part of the four-system nature preserve in the year 2000. The core areas would be buttressed by another 55 million acres of "buffer" zones, and the state as well as private owners could add acreage to this general bank, all to be managed by a federal-state land commission for both "restrictive" and "diversified" use, with the choice as to ultimate designation unfixed. What this plan seems to mean is that if, for example, any valuable mineral strike should be made within land set aside for environmental purposes, such setting-aside could be set aside. No one need necessarily cry environmental rape either, for, one of this camp's briefing papers blandly declares, "under current management procedures ecologically rare or fragile areas are generally accorded protection under multiple use." Multiple use "preserves options for the future." Don't give away, in other words, what you don't know you've got.

The exploitation of North Slope oil was the first real battle fought against the environmentalists, and, given the Arab oil boycott of 1973, its outcome was never in doubt. The pipeline to Valdez is a fact, even if it has cost ten times its estimated price. And even though the oil it delivers at Valdez will be around $6 a barrel, the price is still half that of imported oil. Environmentalists are seeking to limit other fuel transportation corridors, and highway corridors too, but for the moment, domestic oil production is sacrosanct, superficially, even among them. The same reasoning and justifications for oil production may soon be applicable to other mineral resources in Alaska, of which great amounts are known, either vaguely or certainly, to exist. But except for a rich copper strike many years ago in the southeastern part of the state and the famous Yukon gold fields, hard information about deposits and their exploitation is scarce.

***The environmentalists are helped powerfully by the feeling that the saving of natural beauty is the supremely measurable psycho-sensual satisfaction in a world of spiritual void***

OIL IS THE trump card of the business developers, and the other marketable resources of Alaska make up the hand. Referring delicately to themselves as "those with a greater development inclination," they claim there is a national need for the state's timber, mineral ores, and fossil fuels. "Dangerous dependence" on such materials from foreign sources is a phrase one notices creeping in, as visions of nickel, copper, and uranium "locked up" for eternity by the environmentalists are blown up and sent drifting toward the public sensitivity.

Aggressive environmentalists use their own scare words. Almost any move inimical to their interest can be interpreted as "endangering" this or that fishery or migratory staging area, or species for that matter. "Ruin," the noun rather than the verb, is another inflammatory commonplace, while the deprivation of future generations of all that makes life beautiful and even possible is the fate reserved for Alaska should the goals of wilderness preservation remain unachieved. The environmentalists are helped powerfully by the present public mood of guilt over the waste of resources, and also, more subtly, by the feeling that the saving of natural beauty is the supremely measurable psycho-sensual satisfaction in a world of spiritual void.

And then environmentalists argue too that Alaska's natural resources are too difficult to exploit because of climate and distance and uncertainty. Yet they assume that bird-watchers, backpackers, tourists, and white-water enthusiasts will go where material gain will fail to lure others. They buttress this laudable imputation with the argument that when Yellowstone was designated for wilderness protection one hundred years ago, people said no one would go there to look at nature either. But sometimes the en-

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vironmentalists are content to exchange the stakes of future and present with the developers. When it comes to resources, the developers are obliged to take the side of the future. When it comes to the ninety million acres the Arctic herd of 240,000 caribou need for calving, migrating, and wintering or the 64,000 acres a barren ground grizzly bear needs to live, the environmentalists dig their trenches in the immediate present.

The arguments circle round and round each other, looking for tactical openings. But for all the statistics and all the expressed convictions, they are based on emotional instinct. Fundamentally, the developers rest their case on the old bulwark of the frontier spirit. Their argument is based on the idea that the development of the wilderness is a historical imperative within the framework of Western social destiny. The American wilderness has always been the raw material of accepted civilization and material prosperity, which in itself is the necessary condition of environmental aesthetics, not to mention tourism, scientific research, and, in general, knowledge. The struggle of man against the frontier remains a respectable situation at all levels, as the unabated enthusiasm for the Western movie, whether taken as socio-historic art form or just entertainment, testifies. The "challenge" of Alaska is therefore honestly felt, and it goes against the grain to have it ridiculed as greed.

BUT THEN it is very hard for environmentalists to be temperate. All about them they see the results of what everyone recognizes as the greed of the past. Everywhere they see the country laid waste in the name of feckless money-making. They are willing to accept the twin roles of conscience and nuisance. They know that they are almost certainly right as regards the very long run and are willing to go about, in their teaching and preaching, evoking the brittle emotions of aestheticism, and even of sentimentality. And Alaska is the last place where the lines will be absolutely drawn, their Armageddon.

So the welfare of caribou herds and wolf packs and peregrine falcons—typically, the old name of duck hawk is no longer used—becomes a disproportionate fixation. Superficially and even sincerely, the environmental militant claims that the wilderness should be, and is being, preserved for the superior enjoyment of man, but the message deep down is that man, ordinary man, is the enemy. Whether he acknowledges it or not, such a militant will prefer giving Lake Clark or the Yukon Flats or the Copper River over to the logger and even the miner to enduring the desecration of power boats and smog-generating family barbecues. Yet barbecues and outboard motors are just as much a product of evolution (for the average environmentalist does not understand the contradictions of his neo-Darwinism) as are the nesting habits of the northern phalarope; and just as fragile. Nonetheless, human activity is the great wen on the face of nature; and when environmentalists say that a minor benefit of wilderness preservation in Alaska would be the survival of shacks of the Yukon mining camps, one is struck by the unconscious irony. Thus the museum curator breathes his only sigh of routine happiness when the closing bell empties his galleries of a public that is, through no fault of its own, naturally unworthy. Perhaps the environmentalist is tempted to look at Alaska in the same way. Posterity, fortunately, is the beneficiary, no matter how much it feels like kicking and screaming in the process.

***The environmental militant claims that the wilderness is being preserved for the enjoyment of man, but the message deep down is that man, ordinary man, is the enemy***

For Alaska is so beautiful and so strange that all but the most brutal beholders cannot help feeling a measure of unworthiness. Its primeval immensity almost defies description—does defy convincing description. Or at least few people who have visited it are equipped to describe it in the way it needs to be described today, and that includes Jack London and Robert Service, whose verse environmental pamphlets feebly quote.

The place seems like what the moon should have been, a domain of awesome solitude and ravishing stillness, mountains like towers and ice like battlements and braided rivers reflecting the silver sky in a vast encompassing dark, with here and there, as a full-color inset, a ptarmigan or a hare crouching in a sunlit outburst of alpine flowers. This is the Alaska of the aerial colored photographs, the Alaska of the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club, the only Alaska we can see. We behold it, but it remains impassive and inscrutable, and that is probably why Alaska has no psychological reality for Americans; moreover, any reality we imagine can have little to do with the reality known to its 400,000 inhabitants. It is part of our country, that we know, and it is too big and too rich to be ignored. It is also too big and too rich to be treated only as a development "challenge" or to be wrapped up in a metaphysic of determinism. Use of its resources and protection of its environment are both necessary, and a solution which combines them in reasonable measure will no doubt be found eventually by Congress, which is more adept at such things than most citizens give it credit for. Whatever balance is achieved we may be sure will satisfy none of the protagonists, but it just may turn out to be acceptable to the rest of us. □



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HARRY G. JOHNSON, R I P

# An Economist's Economist

EDWARD MEADOWS

PROFESSOR HARRY G. JOHNSON, the economist, died on May 8 at the age of 53. His death rated a long-ish obituary in the *New York Times*, but went unremarked on the evening news shows. For Professor Johnson was not a public figure. He never deigned to wallow in the swamps of political economy. Rather, he was the quintessential economic scientist. Even his closest friends were hard put to discover his ideological bent, for Harry Johnson professed none. More than that, he escaped all the neat taxonomies: in manifold books and professional-journal articles, he attacked Keynes where he felt the great Lord was wrong; he criticized the Neoclassicists for their myopia; and he remained distrustful of what he viewed as the overly simplistic analytics proffered by Milton Friedman, his senior colleague at the University of Chicago.

When Harry Johnson did speak out in the popular press, more often than not it was in the pages of *Encounter* magazine (NATIONAL REVIEW's elderly British stepsister). There he presented the economist's case for free trade, as he tirelessly did in forums and symposiums during the formative years of the European Common Market. Europeans came to know him as one of the world's leading authorities on monetary problems.

But Harry Johnson was first an economic theorist, and a brilliant one. Still, he did not inhabit an Ivory Tower. He was possessed of an acid wit, and he had little but disdain for those economists who clothe their pretensions in a complex professional jargon that, in Johnson's words, "like the drunkard's lamp-post, provides more support than illumination." Nor did he have much patience with those he termed "mathematicians *manqués*," whose endeavor, according to Johnson, has been to make economics appear difficult and abstruse, even to the majority of professional economists themselves. Harry Johnson was, in fact, a cynic. He was skeptical of economists and he was more skeptical of politicians. He was most skeptical of easy solutions to complicated problems.

Born a Canadian, Johnson attended the University of Toronto and, after World War II, continued his education at Jesus College, Cambridge. He arrived there in 1945, still wearing his Canadian Army corporal's uniform, which he continued to wear throughout the first year (thus to distinguish himself from the Americans and escape the awful discrimination meted out by the British students). Cambridge was alive with controversy in those years. Lord Keynes and his disciples still held forth at King's College (though Keynes died in 1946); A. C. Pigou and D. H. Robertson, the Neoclassicists, were there too. Johnson considered himself lucky to be assigned Maurice Dobb, the Communist intellectual, as his supervisor, since Dobb could view with some dispassion the raging Cambridge debate over Keynes's liquidity preference theory of interest-rate determination versus the Neoclassical loanable funds theory. Having survived Cambridge with his wits intact, Johnson attended Harvard, where he came under the influence of Joseph Schumpeter, the historian of economic thought, and Alvin Hansen, the theorist.

WHAT FOLLOWED was a brilliant career on the front lines of academic economics. Professor Johnson formed an interest in monetary theory, international trade theory, and the theory of general equilibrium. He also nurtured a concern for the methodology of economic science. He taught these subjects first as a Fellow at King's College, Cambridge, in the postwar period, and then as a professor of economic theory at Manchester University in the middle 1950s. In the 1960s he held two teaching posts simultaneously, one at the University of Chicago, the other at the London School of Economics (the latter position was dropped in the early 1970s for a similar one at the University of Geneva). Along the way, Harry Johnson wrote 19 books, with titles ranging from *The Theory of Income Distribution* to *On Economics and Society*, written for the intelligent non-economist; he edited two dozen more titles; he was editor of the prestigious *Journal of Political Economy*; he published more than four hundred articles in the professional journals; he advised the Federal Reserve Board and the Bank of England; he held high office in the best economic societies; and he was the recipient of seven honorary degrees.

As Professor Johnson's career developed, he built himself a reputation as an almost Hemingwayesque figure—a prodigious genius with a prodigious fondness for bourbon, a man who could drink a whole roomful of professors under the table, and then dash upstairs to write a sophisticated, abstract theoretical article in record time. Harry Johnson, the worldly, learned curmudgeon, was something of a legend.

But bourbon cost him his health and ultimately his life. In recent years he was somewhat disabled by a stroke, and he lived with the private knowledge that his time would soon be up. Yet he defied the sickbed and kept himself as active as ever, traveling between Chicago and London and Geneva; attending economic conferences in Europe and Asia; writing articles at a fast clip, as if desperate to get down on paper all that he knew, before it was too late. Through this period his wife, Elizabeth, also an economist, stayed strong at his side.

Professor Johnson never made the headlines, and he never produced any startling new economic theory in the manner of a Keynes. He was, instead, a synthesizer, an interpreter, an economic analyst who used his faculties of logic to refine, redefine, and develop the intricate economic issues upon which public policy is finally based. He left behind a large body of precise analytical work, enriching the foundations of modern monetary and international trade theory as it is taught in graduate departments of economics today. What he also left is a legacy of healthy intellectual skepticism, a skepticism which scorns fatuous obfuscatory abstractness as much as it does the bonehead economics of the common parlance. □

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# Ethics in the Academy

## From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

At California State University, Fresno, Professor John C. O'Brien has been told that he must teach finance—which isn't his field. He used to teach a course called Business Administration 101—Economics, Ethics, and Civilization. The powers that be at Fresno can't get rid of Mr. O'Brien because he is a full professor, with tenure, popular among the students, and with more publications to his credit than had all his colleagues combined in his former department. All they could do to Mr. O'Brien was abolish his course in business ethics. By manipulation, they contrived to diminish enrollment in his classes from 170 to forty, over four years, and then in effect abolished the ethics course altogether. Business administration students still can take a substitute course in the department of philosophy. Apparently the authorities are confident that the department of philosophy won't teach the kind of ethics taught by Professor O'Brien.

What curious, if popular, brand of ethics did he teach? Why, Christian ethics. We can't have future American businessmen receiving any propaganda of that kind at a university, you know.

Mr. O'Brien is a Scot with Irish ancestors. He combines Scottish toughness with Irish passion, and he is giving the authorities at Fresno a devil of a time: probably now they wish they never had meddled with him. Grievance procedures (denied or evaded by the university president), suits at law, libel actions—well, Professor O'Brien knows a good deal about such concerns, and he is willing to spend his time and money for the sake of principle.

His convictions are sufficiently suggested by the following quotations from a piece which he wrote in his defense for the student newspaper:

"Ethics in the Aristotelian sense, the study of human values, has been almost completely forsaken by learning. Objections have been raised to the study of ethics on the grounds that it cannot be scientific. 'The true means the verified and means nothing else,' says John Dewey. Dewey's view seems to have prevailed.

"Yet his view did not go unopposed. Patrick Romanell, another naturalist, has pointed out quite rightly that ethics cannot have its problems solved by the experimental method, for the obvious reason that this method 'is for determining what-is-so, and hence not good for ethics proper, which deals with questions of norms or what-ought-to-be.' . . .

"Scholars like Bertrand Russell have added fuel to the flames that sought to devour the subject of ethics by advancing the view that moral truths cannot be proved and, therefore, cannot be said to exist. . . . Faced with such an impasse, the outcome for us poor and lesser mortals was inevitable. Each person was the best judge of his own wants and was to forge his own measuring rod. Where matters of morality caused a problem within the group, the solution lay in the vote of the majority. . . . Moral conflict, and moral chaos, logically followed. . . ."

Since Watergate, Mr. O'Brien continues, "a great hue and cry has been raised by the media of communication as a result of the neglect of the study of ethics in our universities, particularly in the schools of business administration and schools of law. College presidents, ministers of religion, newspaper columnists, and even some college professors called stridently for the addition of ethics to the curriculum in schools of business administration. Newspapers throughout the nation have been regularly reporting on the swift rate at which courses involving ethics have found their way not only into the curriculum but also into the hearts and minds of the students."

Yet at California State University, Fresno, it has been otherwise. Mr. O'Brien's course in ethics was a good course, as courses go; but also it was Christian in its assumptions; and so, as good courses go, it went. Mr. O'Brien clearly has been, as he declares, the victim of "prejudices of certain faculty members." Had he been satisfied to teach some woolly "humanitarian" or "empirical" ethics, probably his course would have survived. The trouble is that then he would have taught nothing worth learning.

"The Arcadian life still evades us," Mr. O'Brien says, "but the cause of our present distemper is plain to be seen. It lies in the denial of traditional moral values. Anything goes. Individuals insult nature and call it virtue. The subjective nature of such opinions reduces them to the value of a rat's squeak, or, possibly, a toad's croak."

Amen to that. Having examined a mass of documents in Mr. O'Brien's struggle with the Fresno administration, I advised him that perhaps he would do well to apply for a post at some independent college, where his talents would be welcomed; I would be glad to assist in finding a good place for him. For I have known other cases in which university administrators have persecuted honest and able professors by depriving them of their courses and their students; and that is the most difficult sort of persecution to resist.

But Professor O'Brien is resolved to fight the good fight to the finish: he will not retire from the fray at Fresno. He has the support, on some counts at least, of the California State Employees' Association, the United Professors of California, and a good many students.

Undoubtedly the ethics of business could be improved, and undoubtedly Mr. O'Brien was accomplishing some such improvement. But why worry much about businessmen's ethics, when the very persecution of Mr. O'Brien suggests the present condition of academic ethics?

A man seldom is more innocently occupied than when he is engaged in making money, Samuel Johnson tells us. It seems to be otherwise with professors' pursuits. The vices of envy, love of power, pride, avarice—these corrupt the academy today, perhaps even more than in other centuries. For a required course in ethics and civilization, Professor O'Brien ought to have a conscript enrollment of academic deans. □

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# Books Arts & Manners

## The Sick Man of Europe

FERDINAND MOUNT

*The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain*
*Edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.*
*Doubleday, 208 pp., $6.95*

There are two sorts of critics of social democracy: those who believe that socialism doesn't work and those who believe that democracy doesn't work. In Britain we have plenty of both. The thing about being the sick man of Europe is you never go short of medical attention. It's standing room only at the bedside. The British disease exhibits such a wide range of symptoms—fevers, cramps, headaches, muscular spasms, lassitudes, internal blockages—that any type of specialist can call himself in. These self-appointed consultants mostly work side by side without professional clash, because the diagnoses are usually overlapping, sometimes even mutually supportive, and only rarely conflicting. In this latest collection of medical opinions, the American practitioners, academic students of the body politic, are sober, guarded, and addicted to statistics. The British, a bunch of distinguished political journalists of non-socialist inclination, are polemical, exuberant, and given to trope and hyperbole.

They do, however, almost all share the view that the British government has been spending, is spending, and is likely to continue spending too much of its citizens' money. The proportion of the gross national income collared by government has risen from 44 per cent in 1964 to 60 per cent today. If you exclude (as you should for some but not all purposes) transfer payments such as state pensions, the percentages dwindle but the huge rate of increase is much the same. This increase has far outstripped the sluggish growth of the capacity to pay for it, so that although Britain's spending on welfare is now not much higher than that of many other industrial countries, the strain of meeting the bills is far greater.

And once governments have started overspending they go on overspending at an ever-accelerating pace. Both for the government and for the citizenry, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Politicians, we are told, compete in promising more and more "free" welfare. Citizens themselves, it is said, demand more of it, untrammeled by the disciplines of the market. Because people do not have to pay directly for what they receive by way of health care, education, or social security, they do not have to choose. Their demands are not limited by how much cash they have in their pockets at the time. The way out, the only way out, of this vicious spiral is for governments to promise less, to withdraw from interference and control at every opportunity, and to restore as much acreage as possible to the discipline and economy of the market. This is not easy, requiring as it does self-denial and a sharp perception of reality from both politicians and voters.

But what caused the British government to overspend in the first place? Are those causes the same in other countries, and are they properly to be identified with social democracy? If not, what is social democracy?

Here, the answers given cover the waterfront. In a rumbustious philippic, Colin Welch lays all the blame on the Fabian intellectuals. The Webbs, Beveridge, Tawney, and the other *éminences roses* of the London School of Economics have created a tradition which, although usually thought of as dilute and gradualist, nonetheless contains all the essential qualities of pure socialism: egalitarian; hostile to freedom and competition; avid for order, power, and control; interfering; bureaucratic.

Peregrine Worsthorne by contrast blames the British labor unions, which for historical reasons enjoy a moral legitimacy and a consequent lack of inhibition in the exercise of power which no other group or institution in Britain possesses. They are thus able to force the government to print money to pay the level of wages and welfare benefits they believe they deserve. This forced tribute to their dignity is of course counterproductive for their members, all of whom must suffer the stresses of inflation—and many, unemployment—as a result. But that does not stop the union leaders from beggaring the country. Mr. Worsthorne's thesis, presented with his characteristic logical energy and elegance, contains the seeds of hope. For if this sense of confidence was created by a set of historical circumstances not to be found elsewhere or at other times, it may fade too after prolonged exposure to the light. Already the unions are deeply unpopular in Britain, not least among their members. In the end, this unpopularity is likely to weaken their hold

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on public sympathy and thus the bargaining position of their leaders.

Patrick Cosgrave, who writes speeches for Mrs. Thatcher, blames the Tory Party for not providing a robust and consistent opposition to the socialist trends of the times. British politics in recent years has been a one-way pendulum. Or, as Evelyn Waugh remarked, the trouble with the Conservative Party is that they have never put the clock back by a single minute. Even when the Conservatives do come into power with a program of retrenchment and reform, as they did in 1970, they abandon their trenches at the first sign of hostilities. Peter Jay and Samuel Brittan, that admirable duo—economic correspondents for the *Times* and the *Financial Times* respectively—who have done so much to re-establish market economics in public debate, have a more far-reaching contention: namely, that the rot is to be found not in one political party only but in the system which sets one party bidding for votes against another.

This system has an inbuilt tendency to degeneration. There is a Gresham's Law of Democracy, under which the worst drive the less bad out of office. The reason is that "the marketplace for votes and the marketplace for goods operate according to vastly different and frequently incompatible criteria. . . . The political entrepreneur asks what most people want. The economic entrepreneur must ask himself what people want most." A shopping list requires cash in the hand in order to be translated into reality, but there is no invisible hand limiting a political program. This asymmetry between votes and goods is the foundation of the gloomier prophecies of Joseph Schumpeter, the chief seer of the New Pessimism.

Like many prophecies of disaster, the theory exhales a beguiling melancholy. Yet before being lulled into a state of despair, we ought to look about us.

WHAT, AFTER ALL, are we talking about? Not hunger or plague or the breakdown of civil order, not troops in the streets, not even shortages or rationing. We are looking at the failure of one medium-sized country to match in every detail the spectacular material progress of the West since the war. Indeed, if we did not know in Britain how other people were getting on, we would be dazzled by our own brilliance or good fortune. If this is social collapse, many people might say, let's have more of it.

The worst symptom of failure is unemployment, which has in most Western European countries climbed to a level not seen since the Thirties. There is no mystery about the reason for the lack of the slightest popular discontent at this. It is that the level of unemployment pay is, even in real terms, five or ten times higher than it was before the war. A couple of years ago the *Times* forecast riots in the streets and widespread worker occupation of factories if the government reined in public expenditure and unemployment continued to rise. The government has tried, however feebly and belatedly, to do exactly that, unemployment continues to rise, and yet . . . not a whimper. Curiouser still, other governments in Western Europe and the United States have acted with far greater prescience and firmness and caused far higher rates of transitional unemployment. Again, not a whimper. As I write, the *Times* reports that the West German government does not dare to reflate because of the public fear of inflation, *although the German rate of inflation is now down to 4 per cent a year*. And Helmut Schmidt calls himself a Social Democrat.

Somehow terms seem to have got hopelessly confused. The first temptation is to say either that the West German SPD is not a social-democratic party, or that the British Labor Party isn't, or that "social democracy" is a meaningless phrase. None of these propositions is true.

What is true is that there has been a fatal intellectual cowardice inside the British Labor Party which dates back a long way and which has confused its critics as well as its friends. This cowardice softened the brains of the Webbs and their hangers-on until they could no longer think or see clearly. The cowardice consisted in a reluctance to define the limits of collectivity, to say: "Thus far shall we nationalize and no further; these areas we reserve for the market, these for state direction and control; this is where liberty stops and where socialism begins." Instead, everything has been left vague in order to soothe both the minority of socialist activists and the huge majority whose prime and often sole concern was that the working classes should be directly represented in Parliament. Instead of directly rebutting and rejecting socialist demands, the Laborite majority have been inclined to say, "Yes, yes, we agree in principle, but we cannot do it all just now. You will have to wait." In this way, the socialists have accumulated moral claims on the party and have eventually gained a dominant voice in the framing of future policy. Only Hugh Gaitskell had the courage to try to persuade the party to adopt an explicit credo of social democracy. He failed. Within a few years he was dead.

THE RESULT has been that under the supine leadership of Wilson, the British Labor Party has been a vehicle for a kind of vapid, rudderless socialism which lays down no limit on the expansion of state power nor any criteria for the exercise of that power. It is democratic socialism in that its *introduction* follows the democratic process. Its *operation* is totally authoritarian, bureaucratic, and unresponsive to public feeling. It is a furtive, squalid masquerade, foisted upon an unwilling, bewildered, and increasingly apathetic electorate. Those areas of private enterprise which are not already covered by its glutinous tide of taxation, regulation, and distortion wait in a state of paralysis and dread, unable to plan ahead, unwilling to invest. The difference between this state of affairs and the clarity and certainty with which private industry has usually been allowed to operate in Sweden and West Germany can hardly be exaggerated.

It is not true that leading British social democrats have failed to find an accommodation between socialism and democracy. They have not even tried to find one. They have not begun to face the question. C. A. R. Crosland's famous book *The Future of Socialism* merely mapped the terrain without finding a way through it. He conceded that there could be a limit to public spending, although public spending was A Good Thing, but he did not say what that limit was or how it should be determined. Ditto with nationalization, taxation, and almost everything else. Only twenty years later, under

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the pressure of runaway inflation, did Crosland and Roy Jenkins suddenly announce their conviction that, at 60 per cent, public spending had reached as high a proportion of national income as was compatible with liberty. For all the cant about Labor being the intellectual's party, nobody in the Labor movement has applied any real thought to the central questions of social democracy in the last twenty years. If I were a social democrat, I should blush to be associated with such a bunch of careerist numbskulls. The Tories have to do all their thinking for them, which is perhaps why *The Future That Doesn't Work* goes off the rails. It saddles British social democracy with the blame that properly belongs to British socialism masquerading as social democracy.

The West German SPD, by contrast, was shifted by the shock of war, the influence of the occupying powers, and the brilliance of Ludwig Erhard into an overtly social-democratic approach which eventually crystallized in the Bad Godesberg Program. Ever since, the socialists have been kept to their true minority position within the party.

WE DO NOT need to embark on a rigorous theoretical analysis of social democracy to recognize that the beast exists and that confident, muscular specimens are to be found, as well as knock-kneed, quavering old nags. Much of the criticism of British social democracy should be directed not at the tidy-minded, power-crazed minority of socialist eggheads but at the woolly noodles who let those eggheads take such a disproportionate share of power inside the party. Commentators constantly fail to notice that, apart from the Attlee-Gaitskell period, the Labor Party has been disastrously unfortunate in its leaders. Ramsay MacDonald, George Lansbury, Harold Wilson—Lord, what an addle-pated, chicken-livered crew! When a country is badly governed, it is surely sensible to blame the governors before their advisors. We cannot assume that a country is ungovernable merely because it is ungoverned.

Social democracy may be unworkable; it may have a tendency to degeneration; but the postwar experience of Western Europe offers little evidence to support either of these beliefs. On the contrary, social democracy has often shown a remarkable robustness in the face of the sort of shocks which usually overturn regimes. And is it really possible to assert that social democracy invariably stirs up an unassuageable cupidity in the electorate? In Sweden, the Social Democrats were thrown out in favor of an austerity party. In West Germany, Herr Schmidt has to play the Iron Chancellor to stay in power. Everywhere the free-spenders are in retreat. The Jay-Brittan-Schumpeter theory is exploded daily.

THE FALLACY in the New Pessimism is not recondite. Only a bunch of brilliant economists could miss it. In the end, there is no profound asymmetry between shopping and voting. And only a theorist who defines political goods as cash benefits could so imagine. At elections, people do have to choose, and choose between a variety of conflicting goals—national security *versus* lower taxation, helping agriculture *versus* keeping food prices down. The fact that the voter has to choose between bundles of policies is an imperfection but not a denial of the market, any more than it is a denial of the market when you have to choose between a red convertible and a blue saloon when what you really want is a blue convertible.

Voters can bankrupt themselves, but so can shoppers. The fact that the voters throughout most of the industrial world now seem to be choosing a stable currency in preference to ever-expanding welfare services suggests both that the voters are not such greedy idiots as the economists think and that experience can rapidly and radically change the order of public priorities. This is in itself enough to dispose of the New Pessimism, for if one bout of inflation can induce voters to vote for unpalatable medicine, why shouldn't further, nastier bouts induce them to vote for more unpalatable medicine? I do not say that they will so vote. It may be that the next wave of government overspending will bury us all. I merely assert that the matter is contingent and that there is no more reason to believe

## RANDOM NOTES

■ JUNE TITLES: If V. S. Pritchett does as fine a job with Ivan Turgenev as he did with himself in *A Cab at the Door*, then his new book *The Gentle Barbarian: The Life and Work of Turgenev* (Random House, $10), should be a great success. . . . Soviet dissident Valery Chalidze—co-founder of the Moscow Human Rights Committee, editor of a bi-monthly journal on the human rights movement in Russia, and now a New York resident—has been following Russian criminal life through underground sources, published court decisions, and memoirs of former convicts. His book *Criminal Russia* (Random House, $10) contains the interesting results of his research; one particularly widespread crime, he discovered, is free enterprise. . . . Chilean writer José Donoso, author of *The Obscene Bird of Night* and one of the best writers to come out of South America, will soon have out a collection of short stories called *Charleston and Other Stories* (Godine, $8.95) dealing with the fantasies of ordinary folk.

■ A LOOK INTO JULY: Judging from Vladimir Voinovich's latest, very funny book, *The Ivankiad, or The Tale of the Writer Voinovich's Installation in His New Apartment* (Farrar, $10), moving into new digs is almost as difficult in Moscow as in New York City, what with all the paper-shuffling, influence-peddling, and official-bribing that goes on. At least when you've been shipped off to Siberia you don't have to worry about negotiating a lease. . . . One who managed to bypass most government bureaucracy was Henry Kissinger, during the early Nixon years while he was on the National Security Council. Roger Morris, an NSC staffer himself in 1969-70, takes an ambivalent view of Kissinger's achievements in *Uncertain Greatness: Henry Kissinger and American Foreign Policy* (Harper & Row, $10). . . . Louis Auchincloss, in *The Dark Lady* (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95), explores yet another aspect of Gotham life: this time the trials of a wealthy half-Jewish, half-Gentile family from the Thirties to the Fifties.

■ ROOTS, THE MODERN WAY: In *A Place in the Country* (Random House, $8.95), Peter Matson has written a delightful account of a successful union, through his family's homesteading venture in Massachusetts' Berkshires, of Thoreau's world and the modern age. . . . For those who like to think their roots begin and end with the Decadents, J. E. Chamberlin will have a book out in July that examines those short-lived days of wine and roses, those nights of melancholia and decay; *Ripe Was the Drowsy Hour: The Age of Oscar Wilde* (Seabury Press, $11.95), promises to be a book well worth the same scrutiny Chamberlin gives the tastes, ideas, and obsessions of Wilde and his contemporaries.



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the Pessimists than to believe the astrologers.

Social democracy is a tougher nut to crack than conservatives like to concede. And the cracking requires powerful and sophisticated instruments. Professor Harry Schwartz's essay, "The Infirmity of British Medicine," rightly points out that the National Health Service is starved of funds. It is short of good doctors and of the most modern equipment, and many of its hospitals need rebuilding and replacing. To finance it properly, he believes, will require "the introduction of a much larger private sector to help share the cost."

Yes, probably. Diagnosis and prescription are true enough as far as they go. But what Schwartz totally fails to understand is that for 90 per cent of the British people—and thus for the vast majority of conservatives—the National Health Service is a thundering success. By simply taking the most concrete evidence—lack of kidney machines and queues for hernia operations—Schwartz overlooks what we regard as far more important: nobody has to worry. If a child, spouse, or parent falls desperately ill, we know that medical treatment of a tolerable standard will be available free to the user, however prolonged, complicated, and therefore expensive that treatment may be. The load off our minds is huge, and we regard this mutual provision as a badge of civility to one another. My local general practice is situated in a predominantly poor area, the queues in the surgery are sometimes long, the premises are dingy, but the doctors are skilled, thorough, and available. Of course, the service could and should be improved by instituting some modest charges for use. And the private sector should be expanded and encouraged. But there are very few supporters for total denationalization of the service. Almost everyone agrees that the service should be predominantly paid for out of taxation, because unlike nationalized industries it does work. And it is undeniably a social-democratic institution.

The evidence so far does not show conclusively whether social democracy works or whether it contains the seeds of its own destruction. For if social democracy can be said to have failed in Britain, by exactly the same standards—of liberty, prosperity, and civil peace—it must be said to have succeeded in West Germany. What the evidence does show is that there is a clear distinction between social democracy and socialism, because, by those same standards again, socialism, however defined, has failed everywhere miserably—and that's what I do call evidence. □

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*Majesty: Queen Elizabeth II and the House of Windsor*
*By Robert Lacey*
*Harcourt Brace, 349 pp., $12.95*

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

WILLIAM MURCHISON

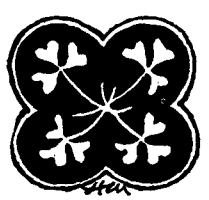
King Farouk—I have read somewhere that it was Napoleon, but Lacey says Farouk; not that it matters—predicted in the near future the demise of all but five royal houses: Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, Spades, and Windsors. Truer dictum cannot ever have been uttered by fallen monarch, whichever monarch it was. The British sovereign's staying power is among the miracles of the modern age. Crowns and thrones may perish, and yet Her Royal Majesty Queen Elizabeth II reigns on, more or less serenely.

Lacey's biography of the Queen is timed to exploit worldwide interest in her Silver Jubilee. But the book stands on its own considerable merits as a study of how a woman too much underrated for her charm and understanding has steered an enormously ancient institution through the storms of the twentieth century, and in so doing has brought the monarchy to new heights of popularity and respect.

There have been some shaky moments, of course—the attacks in the Fifties by such as John Osborne and Malcolm Muggeridge on the institution itself ("a sort of substitute or ersatz religion," Muggeridge called it); Princess Margaret's uneven romantic record; the controversy in the early Seventies over a proposed royal "pay raise" to compensate for inflation. But the Queen has weathered it all. A tactful, prudent, self-disciplined, and conscientious sovereign, Elizabeth II.

That is what a British sovereign has nowadays to be. There is no choice, really, the office having been stripped gradually of virtually all its executive functions. The first Elizabeth may truly have ruled, but the second knows her place. It is to reign. The "majesty" she possesses, Lacey explains, "is the majesty of the common man," whose representative she is. Charles I would not have had the vaguest idea what the gentleman is talking about, but the current monarch knows very well.

Lacey is a Tudor specialist, a biographer of Henry VIII and Sir Walter Raleigh. He does a splendid job, even so, of defining the Windsor concept of kingship. It was Elizabeth's grandfather, King George V ("Grandpapa England," as the adoring granddaughter called him), who delineated the role the monarchy would play in an age of I'm-as-good-as-you-are democracy. The King understood that he had not been born to play games of statecraft like his father, Edward VII. Rather than throw his weight around, he preferred to represent the people—a role, asserts Lacey, for which he was amply qualified. King George might have lacked great talents or abilities, but he possessed qualities more important to the job at hand: courage, dignity, honesty, and a high sense of personal duty. A people that esteemed just those qualities (and feared secretly they might be losing them) found George V to be the ideal People's King. Very much like him was his second son, King George VI, who likewise emphasized duty and personal restraint. If nothing else, George's flashy brother, Edward VIII, who had abdicated in order to marry "the woman I love," underscored for the whole family the dangers inherent in a king's giving way to private passions. George VI cherished his private life, yet he knew that he was a public monarch.



George's elder daughter, Elizabeth, who idolized him, has patterned herself on her royal father. Hers is a queenship very like the two preceding kingships (excluding Edward VIII's brief reign). There is a private life—full of dogs and horses and sensible shoes—but overshadowing it all is the public life of duty and constraint.

What is hard for Americans, and for some Englishmen as well, is to see that the Queen matters; that she is something more than a smiling lady who takes occasional carriage rides and goes about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dedicating hospitals. Plainly the monarchy is not all it used to be, and yet the job remains what the jobholder makes of it. Elizabeth II has chosen to make a good deal of the monarchy. "What a very attractive and intelligent young woman," her first Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, found her. Churchill's successors have had no cause to alter the verdict. The Queen, all discover, is a diligent and probing questioner who does her homework. Now and again a Prime Minister finds her better informed than himself on a given point. But no matter: whoever is the incumbent finds her a source of strong support and encouragement.

The Queen's preoccupation, says Lacey, is "simply the state of the nation," and therefore she stays above the grind and clatter of partisan politics. If she entertains political views, they are the views of a realist. She misses the great days when Britain's energies could be channeled overseas. But what is the good of regretting? The Queen accepts the bleak present because there is no other choice.

Elizabeth II's remaining royal prerogatives are not vast, but, such as they are, she wields them with determination. She is a sort of impartial national chairman, Lacey maintains, and because of that impartiality, is a potential arbiter in time of crisis. She nearly got the chance in June of 1974. There was much talk of a Labor request for a quick general election to capitalize on the government's relative success at cleaning up the debris of the previous winter's economic crisis. The Queen was prepared to refuse any such request, feeling as she did that the stricken country, having just endured the dislocations caused by the three-day work week, needed peace and quiet, not electioneering. The government declined to challenge her and put off the election till autumn. Thus, says Lacey, "the Crown as an institution, and Elizabeth II personally, had helped preserve stability in a dangerously volatile period . . ."

Dangerously volatile periods are all that Britain seems to have any more—a fact that makes the theoretically outmoded monarchy all the more pertinent, and its current representative all the more central a personality. What a very striking fact—that a modern nation, torn by the troubles of the modern world, should look increasingly to one of the most ancient of institutions for reassurance and stability. Ah, yes; the Psalmist enjoins that we put not our trust in princes, for there is no help in them. But as between a gracious, self-possessed prince, or in this case queen, and a surly Marxist trade union leader, there surely would be no difficulty for most people in choosing, should the choice someday come to that. In the words the British once sang to their monarch, before they grew over-fastidious and polite:

*Confound their politics,*
*Frustrate their knavish tricks.*
*On thee our hopes we fix.*
*God save the Queen.* □

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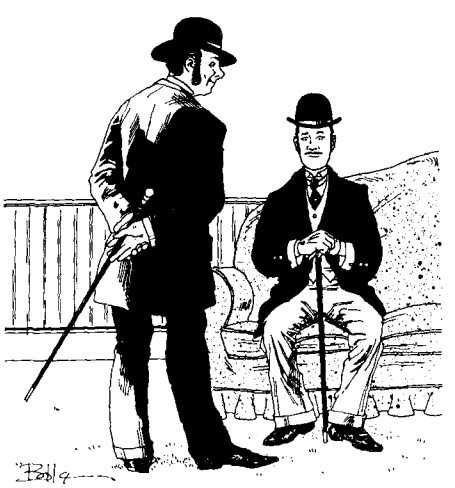
*The Uncollected Wodehouse*
*Edited by David A. Jasen*
*Seabury Press, 212 pp., $8.95*

## A WEEKEND WITH BODFISH

LINDA BRIDGES

Over the years I have, as the Oldest Member would put it, seen P. G. Wodehouse steadily, though by no means seen him whole: with Jeeves, Bertie, and Bertie's whole menagerie of aunts (ground-glass-eating and otherwise), uncles (one of whom looks like a pterodactyl with a secret sorrow), and fiancées, I am tolerably familiar; but I have barely scraped acquaintance with Lord Emsworth, the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, and the other inmates of Blandings Castle; I have met Psmith and Monty Bodkin but once each; and I don't even know whose Uncle Fred it was who was in springtime. For



Wodehouse's quality was matched only by his quantity: no two sources agree as to exactly how much he wrote in the course of his 93 years, but the figures work out to around a hundred novels and short-story collections, a score of plays, and two or three dozen musicals, in a career that continued with only one interruption for 75 years.

But that one interruption was a corker. When the Nazis invaded France, Wodehouse and his wife, who didn't seem to have noticed that there was a war going on, continued to live happily on the Riviera, until one day they found themselves interned. They were eventually taken to Berlin, where an American radio correspondent persuaded Wodehouse to make some humorous broadcasts to the United States. He was thereupon blacklisted for a decade by Englishmen who, being very political themselves, wouldn't believe the truth: that a grown writer could actually not have realized he was being used as wartime propaganda. His novels were forcibly removed from bookstores and public libraries, and several members of Parliament suggested that he be tried for treason meanwhile, he was defended by, of all people, George Orwell, who explained that Wodehouse simply didn't understand the Nazis, because he was as "dated" as his characters.

THIS WHOLE incident now seems surrealistic, so thoroughly has Evelyn Waugh's view become a critical commonplace: that it's pointless to talk of Wodehouse as being stuck back around 1925, since his 1925 never was the one the rest of us inhabited. In his parallel world, his tangential analogue to the Britain and New York of the Teens and Twenties, the characters walk the familiar streets and pay with the familiar coins. But no one dies, except for the purpose of leaving money to a deserving nephew; there is no real poverty only the young writer for whom the Flicker Film Corporation in Hollywood, California will make all well again; there are no wars except in places like Russia, and no palpable governments, although once in a while some bright chap gets the idea to stand for Parliament.

But Wodehouse was not, as this might imply, purely "escapist." As Malcolm Muggeridge argues in his Foreword to the present volume: "Beneath the cheerful comedy and the prevailing

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good humor there is a sharp, clear, but possibly unconscious, satirical intent. When I once put this to Wodehouse, he denied the imputation as hilariously as if I had detected Freudian or Marxist intimations in his work." Nonetheless, the satire is there; but—as Mr. Muggeridge seems not to recognize—it cuts two ways. On the one hand, Bertie Wooster, for example, by constantly reminding us of his family's "feudal" background, sets up an unfortunate comparison between the "grand old Sieur de Wooster," who fought at the Battle of Agincourt and would no doubt have slain, gladly and with panache, any dragons that needed slaying, and Bertie himself, who can't even deal with the Aberdeen terrier Bartholomew. But the very things that make Wodehouse's characters "dated" put them rather closer in touch with Western Civilization than the life-is-real, life-is-earnest chaps. In one of the last Bertie/Jeeves novels, Bertie, as he dresses for dinner, pauses to tell Jeeves that the troops of Midian are prowling and prowling around. Jeeves is unimpressed: " 'Very good, sir. Pardon me, your tie.' 'What's wrong with it?' 'Everything, sir. If you will allow me.' 'All right, go ahead. But I can't help asking myself if ties really matter at a time like this.' 'There is no time when ties do not matter, sir.' " The grand old Sieur de Wooster, dressing him fairly for his end at Agincourt, would, I fancy, understand and approve.

But at least as important as either of these factors is the writing itself, best described by W. H. Auden's phrase "verbal opera." Probably the greatest Wodehouse arias are to be found in the Bertie/Jeeves books; but *The Uncollected Wodehouse*—which consists of previously uncollected articles and short stories dating from 1900 to the end of the War (the Great War, not the one in which Wodehouse got into all the trouble)—has a fine sampling of them. To take just one example, the following exchange, from "The Secret Pleasures of Reginald," between two clubmen, one of whom has unexpectedly found the other staring at the ceiling on a fine Saturday afternoon:

> "Can you imagine anything more awful than to spend a weekend with Bodfish?"
>
> On the spur of the moment I could not.
>
> "Can you imagine anything more delightful, then, than *not* spending a weekend with Bodfish? Well, that's what I'm doing now. Soon, when you have gone —if you have any other engagements, please don't let me keep you—I shall not go into the house and not listen to Mrs. Bodfish on the subject of young Willie Bodfish's premature intelligence."
>
> I got his true meaning: "I see. You mean that you will be thanking your stars that you aren't with Bodfish."
>
> "That is it, put crudely. But I go further. I don't indulge in a mere momentary self-congratulation, I do the thing thoroughly. If I were weekending at Bodfish's, I should have arrived there just half an hour ago. I therefore selected that moment for beginning not to weekend with Bodfish. I settled myself in this chair and I did not have my back slapped at the station. A few minutes later I was not whirling along the country roads, trying to balance the car with my legs and an elbow. Time passed, and I was not shaking hands with Mrs. Bodfish. I have just had the most corking half-hour, and shortly—when you have remembered an appointment—I shall go on having it. . . ."

This book does raise one disturbing point, however. It has often been said —indeed, Mr. Muggeridge says it again in his Foreword—that P. G. Wodehouse maintained an absolutely consistent level of quality from his earliest published pieces up to the novel he was working on when he died. This turns out to be not so. The penultimate paragraph of "Some Aspects of Game-Captaincy," first published when Wodehouse was 18, is simply not quite up to snuff. □

# OPERA

## LULU

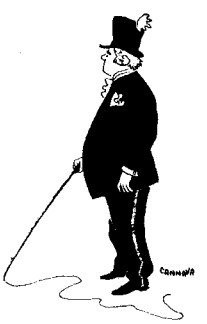
### HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

*Lulu*'s back in town, there but not quite there. She had popped in a decade ago with the Hamburg Opera, incomplete as usual, and late this past season the Metropolitan Opera put her on view for the first time in its history. And, sure enough, *Lulu* didn't make it intact.

The explanation for this is that when Austrian 12-tone composer Alban Berg died in 1935, he left the score of *Lulu* unfinished. There was some uncertainty as to how much was missing from this, his setting of two turn-of-the-century plays by the outspoken and daring Frank Wedekind, but for years it was generally assumed—on the strength of what was said by Berg's publisher, Universal Editions of Vienna, and his widow, Hélène—that only two acts had been orchestrated. Sketches alone, it was thought, existed for the third.

*Lulu*, nevertheless, has had a stage career, albeit a sparse one in the United States. In performance, the first two acts are presented in full, and a résumé of the events of the third is mimed to sections of the *Lulu Suite*, a piece the composer synthesized from both the realized and the unrealized material of the opera. Until about 15 years ago it was accepted that *Lulu* would always exist as a fascinating fragment, the unhappy, unfulfilled, but potentially far more ensnaring successor to Berg's one completed work for the stage, that magnificently moving study of human degradation, *Wozzeck*.

But scholarship did not let the case rest. Some musicologists were given the chance to examine the Act Three sketches, and they discovered that, contrary to general belief, the entire act *had* been composed; a few sections had not been orchestrated, but Berg had indicated with sufficient clarity how they should be finished. Fantastically enough, this revelation changed nothing. Berg's widow—with the backing of Universal—refused permission to release the Act Three material. She claimed she was in touch with her husband's spirit and he willed it thus. *Lulu* continued to go her truncated way.



It was always something of a scandal that the Met had never faced up to *Lulu*, complete or not; and when it was announced for this season, managerial consciences were salved and music lovers' expectations soared, especially after Mrs. Berg passed away last summer. (It seems now that it may have been pique at the composer's romance with another woman rather than instructions *d'outre-tombe* that influenced Hélène Berg to withhold those pages.) Yet, although there would have been time to study the new music, the Met was not allowed to see it. The privilege of premiering the complete *Lulu* is being re-

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served by Universal for a more favored company, presumably the Paris Opera.

Thus Universal, in acting like a wheeler-dealer book publisher with a best-seller to auction off to the most generous paperback house, has arrogated to itself the right to delay further the public's total experience of an important work of art. Well, as they probably don't say in Wien, "*Geschäft ist Geschäft.*" Consequently the Metropolitan production of *Lulu* differed very little from those that have been presented over the past forty years (the one difference being that some speeches from the Wedekind text were spoken toward the end, during pauses in the *Suite*). A tremendous opportunity was lost.

*Lulu* was also hindered from making as strong a case for itself as possible by the decision to do it in German. Berg's opera is difficult enough for an audience to master. The musical idiom *per se*, with its tone rows and jagged vocal writing, is the least of the stumbling blocks. It's more that the implications of the text supported by this music, which often reaches into truly disturbing depths of Mahlerian *Angst*, are so complex that full appreciation is impossible if one is not in constant touch with the libretto. Yet Universal, one understands, having once sanctioned an English translation—and a poor one at that—would not permit the Met to commission another. Ah, these selfless servants of art!

The difficulty with *Lulu* for those who are kept at a distance from it by the language barrier is that it can easily seem foolish: the saga of the eternal temptress who drives men to their doom and then is done in by no less than Jack the Ripper. Yet up close Lulu is seen to be much more than this: a woman standing in for humanity as victim, as well as woman as the object of man's desire. *Lulu* contains realism, symbolism, morality pageant, melodrama, and farce. As a pessimistic commentary on life's absurdities, it has the power to be cosmically moving; in the right hands, it can stir one to bitter laughter.

Given the handicaps of amputation and incomprehensibility for a major portion of the audience, the Met still managed to deal fairly well with Berg's problem child. James Levine conducted with emphasis on the music's searing lyricism. The sets and costumes by Jocelyn Herbert were rich metaphorical fantasies, each of the tableaux superbly arresting even if they did not quite add up to a stylistic whole. John Dexter staged the piece most conservatively and avoided the work's pitfalls. (The Hamburg Opera, I recall, came a cropper in Act Two when Lulu, surrounded by her salivating admirers, suggested nothing so much as Carol Burnett in a sketch she might have titled "Cleopatra's Knights.") However, Dexter's point of view remained disturbingly linear. One could admire his theatrical deftness but search in vain for any more complex thought process.

The cast contained some notable actor-singers, most remarkable among them the young baritone Lenus Carlson as the Ringmaster and Acrobat. He was the only one onstage who both moved with complete ease and handled the German with naturalness. However, Donald Gramm's Dr. Schön, William Lewis' Alwa, Tatiana Troyanos' Countess Geschwitz, Raymond Gibbs's Painter, Andrew Foldi's Schigolch, and Nico Castel in a trio of roles—Lulu's lovers all—performed commendably. The Lulu herself, debutante Carole Farley, sang and acted competently. But by no stretch of the imagination—and one was never moved to make the effort—did she suggest a creature of mythic proportions. This failure made for a hollow spot at the heart of the production, one that already had enough difficulties to contend with. In sum, this *Lulu* was more a brilliant gesture than a promise fulfilled. The opera remains a visitor, and one wonders when we will be allowed to experience it as Berg—wife and editors notwithstanding—undoubtedly wished us to. All of *Lulu* badly needs to get to town. □

# DELECTATIONS

## EATING OUT IN NEW YORK (II)

### LAURIE PROTHRO

In the tiny kitchen, where copper pots hang on the walls and white canisters of spices line the shelves, a colorfully decorated note posted beside the counter reads: "We think your restaurant is fantastic and we had a beautiful evening. Thank you." For Charles Chevillot, owner of La Petite Ferme on West Tenth Street, that note represents the highest sort of praise; and judging from my own experience *chez lui*, where everything—food, atmosphere, service, and price—works perfectly together, he must have scrapbooksful of similar messages.

M. Chevillot, a native of Beaune in the province of Burgundy, is no newcomer to the restaurant business, though La Petite Ferme has only been in operation since 1971. His grandfather owned and operated the Hôtel de la Poste in Beaune, and he has brought to New York all the fine traditions and recipes of a French country inn. The restaurant is small—only six tables—and wonderfully simple, as are M. Chevillot's culinary offerings. Fresh-cut flowers grace each table; a full wine rack lines half of one wall, and a low bench beside it holds big baskets of baguettes and fresh fruit. There are two doves, Mimi and Fifi, in a cleverly fashioned cage ("I made it myself," M. Chevillot says as we chat over a *kir*) that hangs from the ceiling, their gentle cooing suggesting the peace of a twilight farmyard.

**M.** Chevillot prepares almost all the meals himself. "When you cook yourself, you know you are doing the right thing. If it's not exactly what it should be, I throw it away." That is the advantage of a small restaurant: one doesn't have to compromise. The menu, chalked on a blackboard, changes frequently. I started off with asparagus ($3.00), served in a light lemon-butter sauce; the first of the season, they were marvelously tender. The other appetizer, mussels steamed with chopped Bermuda onion and sprinkled with a *sauce vinaigrette* (also $3.00), seemed to be a favorite. Each night, four entrées are offered, two fish and two meat. My entrecôte ($12.00) arrived delicately seasoned, with sautéed carrots and kale providing colorful and tasty sidelights. Usually, one country-style ragoût also appears on the menu; on my first visit, when the nights were still cold, the house specialty was a hearty *pot-au-feu*. Fish dishes include poached bass at $9.00 with a *sauce Chevillot*, consisting of shallots cooked in butter and vinegar, and *sole meunière* at $8.00, plus a wonderfully moist salmon. Only the *salade verte* ($2.00) was disappointing. I was expecting a delicious concoction of unusual leaves

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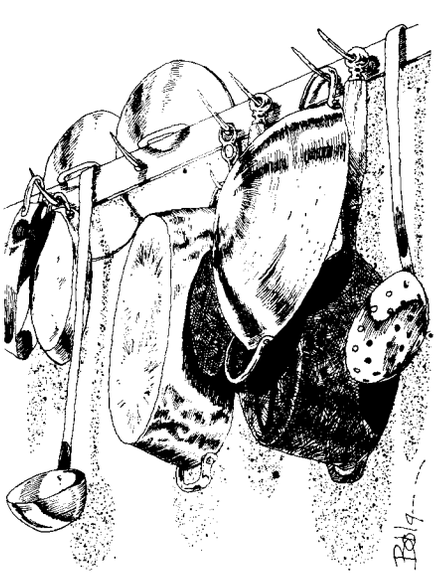
like dandelion and endive but got tasteless iceberg, with a smattering of slightly more interesting greens. Of course, La Petite Ferme offers a platter of *fromage* ($3.00) to clear the palate, and fresh fruit for dessert ($1.50). Seasonal fruits run a little higher—the strawberries, fat and tart, were $3.00 and worth it.

"I like simple cooking," says M. Chevillot about his meals, but his wines are far from simple. The wine rack that decorates the dining room is full of exquisite French provincial wines, not an ordinary *vin de table* among them. The house wine, Réserve Chevillot, comes from his family's vineyard in Burgundy; I sampled the white—open bottles are kept chilled in copper pots full of ice—and found it delightful. It is also the least expensive, at $7.00 a bottle; other wines range from a '73 Pouilly-Fuissé at $12.00 to a '69 Dom Pérignon for a hearty $40.00. If you don't know French wines, stick with the house wines—they complement the menu perfectly.

When he first opened La Petite Ferme six years ago, Charles Chevillot wanted an informal ambiance, where young, blue-jeaned Village couples could mingle comfortably with the theater crowd. But business has gotten so brisk that he now plans to open, in June, a slightly larger restaurant uptown at 973 Lexington Avenue (near 71st Street). There will be 12 tables at the new location, plus a fireplace and a garden. He hopes that the intimacy and charm of the restaurant will not get lost in the move. So do we.

*(Laurie Prothro is covering for Nika Hazelton, who has been ill.)* □



# The GIMLET EYE

## AUDITORS

### D. KEITH MANO

"People open up. They'll tell you things about their personal life that you aren't even concerned with. It's almost as if you're a father confessor—uh, mother confessor. But if that's part of their putting themselves at ease, then you have to listen."

The IRS audit has become a sort of national short-arm inspection. There is nothing, but nothing, more intimate than someone's bankbook. I'd rather walk around with my barndoor unzipped. It's no surprise that people mother-confess at the IRS office: financially naked is naked: further secretiveness would be like wearing gloves at a nudist camp. Some time ago I met this woman who—after one quarter-hour—had told me a) about her husband's mistress and b) about his very premature ejaculation. Then I happened to ask what he was earning. "That is none of your business," she said. I had to apologize.

"It's interesting. A lot of people wonder what happens after they file. Then, it's almost as if they're shocked when they come in and see their own tax return. Here it is, spun out by the big, bureaucratic mess."

THAT FIRST audit moment is special, heightened: like picking up a blind date: two abstractions, U.S.A. and SS 052-34-0208, are suddenly fleshed out. And somehow—am I alone in this?—the IRS auditor seems to judge, not a particular deduction, but your entire lifestyle. Of course being American entails certain vague bone-guilts: guilts induced both by our 98.6° normal sense of sinfulness and by the Mandarin obscurity of tax law. Even good items can make trouble. Want to guarantee an audit next year? Just tithe on your church pledge card. You'd be better off deducting cocaine snorts under "Business entertainment." Tithing is aberrant way beyond IRS-given norms of federal piety. Suspicious: like maybe you declared Jesus Christ as a dependent. Where your heart is, there will the U.S. Treasury be also. No wonder we have a Fear of Filing.

"I always keep in mind that most people who come in for an office audit, they're only concerned with the IRS one day a year: basically, when they file. I try to speak at their level. If I have a CPA coming in, I'll talk to him somewhat differently than if I have a truckdriver. Usually there are very few problems."

True: and exasperating. You can't get ticked off at them. Tax auditors are easily the most civil of civil servants. Margot Adams and Scott Hammond have been talking to me. I check for signs of resentment or power-crazedness or paranoia in them: and I feel paranoia when none bob up. You might expect some: IRS auditors start at under ten grand. Neither Scott nor Margot, in service three and seven years, BAs both, makes even $15,000. They get no bounty; for three years at least the IRS will audit their returns. And they run no psychological gigs. I knew one auditor who had a standard bad joke: in any other setting this boff would've gone over like the *Hindenburg* at Lakehurst. Yet taxpayers laughed and laughed; they slapped themselves all over. "But," the auditor told me, "if I came upon someone who didn't laugh, I knew right away that he had nothing to hide." Scott and Margot claim no sixth sense: fear, duplicity, guilt don't transmit across the audit desk. Too bad, that: it would've juiced up this column a lot.

Margot: The only type I can sense is the Piler. He piles his receipts in groups instead of having them well arranged.

Scott: You get a better idea just by analyzing records and comparing them to the tax return. I don't know about intuition, but it's pretty easy to tell if a person has added a few hundred to their deductions or whatever. You get adjustments like that every day.

Added a few hundred? Is that cheating-with-premeditation? My friends are polite: they won't say so. The IRS doesn't embarrass people: it just collects. Anthony Aiello, the group manager in Newburgh, N.Y., will say, "All auditors are instructed to be on the lookout for what we call the badges of fraud: unexplained income or inflated expenses. Only the most flagrant cases

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are taken to prosecution. The main reason for prosecution is to try to instill a feeling that you have to comply with the law. With seven auditors, though, we don't have more than ten or 11 cases of possible fraud a year."

Me: Times have been hard of late. Are people angrier when they come in here?

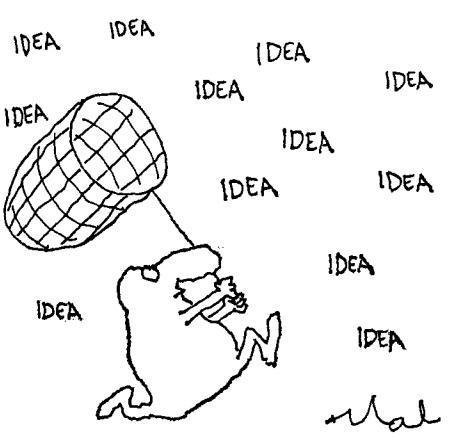
Margot: No. I think there are more people who say, If there is a tax adjustment upward, I don't know how I'll pay it.

Scott: It's not the IRS that makes the law: it's Congress. The recent tax reform act is a pretty good example. The purpose of it was to simplify the tax form, and it turned out to be one of the most complicated changes they've had in years. I hear that a lot: Why should somebody who has a college degree have to go to an accountant to prepare a 1040? This is a valid complaint. And maybe we'll see some changes.

AND MAYBE the polar ice cap is shrinking. Nuts: we're a nation of easy marks: we moo to be milked off. Year on year we elect gentleman swindlers and pirates, who rob us with immense civility. Then, come audit time, I spend three days collecting paper from 1975 (1975: I can't even remember what I had for lunch this afternoon) to prove that I've been ripped off enough. And I feel *guilty*, dammit. When you think this republic got started with a dispute over someone's right to tax. The epigones of epigones, that's what we are.

Margot: I find socially, working for the IRS, you can talk to almost everyone, because—no matter what the background—everyone has the IRS in common. So it's a social advantage for me.

I'm glad, Margot-baby: because that's the only advantage there is. □




# BOOKS IN BRIEF

TALKING TO MYSELF: *A Memoir of My Times, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, 316 pp., $10).* "I am a neo-Cartesian: I tape therefore I am." Don't let anyone tell you that radio talk show hosts miss out on the good stuff; don't let anybody dismiss the process as simply Mr. Snarl confronts Joe and Josephine Sixpack. Not so, not as long as there's Louis (Studs) Terkel, taping, talking, ruminating, prodding, pushing, getting into a hell of a splash over this mighty cause or that one. Maybe, for my part, it's a colleague's admiration for a member of the radio talk show crew who's stuck with the profession till age 65 and retained his sanity, but this practitioner of the trade (or "art") of talking nightly to the faceless mike finds Terkel irresistible, and his disjointed, formless, rambling excuse of a book a treasure trove. Terkel can't resist a good crusade, can't keep his mouth shut on South Africa, can't help but draw the allegiance of the great, as of the humble whose friend he is and whose friendship he deserves. He wouldn't sign a loyalty oath while working as a writer for Mahalia Jackson's CBS radio program. "Oh, but he *must* sign it, Miss Jackson," the man from New York insisted. Said she: "If Studs don't write the show, Mahalia Jackson don't sing." Says Terkel: "We rehearsed. The series continued. Naturally. Why is it that Mahalia Jackson's intelligence and character were of a higher order than William Paley's? He, the big panjandrum of CBS, insisted on loyalty oaths. Perhaps it was a matter of genes. Perhaps Professors Shockley and Jensen are right, after all." Well, at any rate there remain one or two superior Caucasians, like Studs Terkel, whose book shuffles all over creation in search of himself, racing after experience, casting insinuendos (as one of his favorite characters, the late czar of Chicago, liked to say) at high and low, returning again and again to reflections on his mother's hotel, on his youth, all the while talking to himself. And to everybody. DAVID BRUDNOY

VOLUNTEERS, ONE AND ALL, *by Bruce Bliven Jr. (Reader's Digest Press, 170 pp., $7.95).* Sometimes you come across a magazine article that is a natural for being expanded into a book. This volume, however, cries out to be a magazine piece—and not too long a one either. That is so in part because the subject is, well, not exciting, however necessary it may be to the country's debate on national defense and to freedom in the polis. It would also do better in a magazine because the statistics must be current to be convincing—or relevant. How enlistments in the Volunteer Army were coming along at the end of 1975 (successfully, as it happens) is interesting, if at all, only in comparison with how they are coming along right now—the sort of information books can seldom provide. Is Volar, as it is known in military jargon, still working today? (It seems that it is not.) Certainly the Volunteer Army was an appropriate extension of freedom in this country, and we should be grateful to those whose efforts (mostly unsung) brought it about—but the hymn to them does not make interesting reading. Two chapters are better than the other eight: one on the race and class problems, the other on the possible functioning of the military as a service like the Red Cross, local fire department, etc. Good for fifteen hundred words. DANIEL OLIVER

HERESIES, *by Thomas Szasz (Doubleday/Anchor Books, 186 pp., $2.95).* Szasz believes that what is usually called "mental illness" is not any kind of disease in the literal sense of the word; instead this pseudomedical language expresses a moral condemnation. As he says on page 146 of this book, "When a person says that another person is mentally ill, he accuses that person of some wrongdoing; when he says that he is himself mentally ill, he accuses himself of some wrongdoing." It is certainly true that some diagnoses of mental illness are moral judgments in medical disguise. The recent fad for declaring that children who do not behave as school authorities want are suffering from the diseases of "hyperactivity" or "minimal brain dysfunction" is an obvious example; so are the claims that amoral persons have the disease of "psychopathic personality." But if this is extended to cover *all* such diagnoses, it ceases to be tenable. The true psychoses, at least (as distinguished from simple eccentricity), are real diseases. They are impairments in function, not the use of a perfectly functional faculty in ways someone disapproves of, and they are not under the control of those suffering from them. These are the characteristics of illnesses in the literal sense of the word, not the sort of activity that would usually be considered moral or immoral. In other words, some of Szasz's ideas are just silly or ignorant, like his claim that to call killing oneself "suicide" rather than "self-determined death" is a sign that our society is hostile to personal autonomy. (Both terms, of course, are primarily descriptive and have no moral judgments implicit in their use.) Others would better be called learned errors. In this class come most of his remarks on mental illness, which are elaborations on his basic theory of abnormal psychology described above. Still others; however, are sensible, though rarely very original. These are usually political or ethical statements of a libertarian and autonomist nature, like "Politics is pushing people around" or "The price of dignity is self-assertion, and the price of respect is self-respect."

L. THEOBOLD

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# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IN A SANER AGE, James A. Weber's refreshing book on population, *Grow or Die* (Arlington House, $11.95), might seem superfluous. In our disordered epoch, it is essential reading for survival.

With a nice display of statistical data, Weber deflates the chimerical fears of the neo-Malthusian types who have controlled discussion on this issue. Neither the United States nor the world in general, he informs us, is suffering from overpopulation. To the extent that numbers of people have anything to do with the contemporary *malaise*, the problem is that we have too few of them around and not too many.

Sound heretical? Weber shows that periods of prosperity in the United States and elsewhere almost always coincide with periods of rapid population growth; that fears of exponential population increase into infinity are totally unjustified (as societies develop, birth rates fall off); that the economic ills of underdeveloped nations derive, not from population size, but from collectivist economies that stifle productivity.

Conversely, Weber shows the bad effects of zero population growth: the loss of forward momentum (both psychological and economic), the inability of society to cope with changes of technological mix through expanding markets, and—more serious still from an economic standpoint—the loading up of the age graphs with older people, reducing the ratio of productive workers to retirees. (*Vide* the Social Security system.)

Most important of all, Weber attacks the authoritarian mentality that undergirds so much of the populationist crusade. The drive for abortion, sterilization, and euthanasia, he makes plain, is a drive for god-like powers over life and death, and over the question of who shall be allowed to "breed" and who shall not. His summary of these issues is as good as any I have seen.

Along the way, Weber has some sensible things to say about the current bug-bear of resource exhaustion, a subject also addressed at lucid length by Herman Kahn and his associates at the Hudson Institute in *The Next 200 Years* (Morrow, $3.95). This well researched and superbly reasoned book takes up, in methodical order, the various nightmares confected for us by the no-growth spokesmen—projected global famine, destruction of the environment, nuclear twilight—and shows them all to be illusory.

Kahn and Co. are most impressive on the issue of expanding resources and the fashionable *Angst* that says we are close to running out of everything. Most argument of this type, the authors note, contains some howling factual error or other, and they proceed to demonstrate a few. But even discounting such empirical misplays, these visions of doom are flawed by an almost total absence of perspective—failing to measure today's imagined crises against the benchmarks of experience.

THE AUTHORS supply a lengthy table listing ten different instances over the past century in which various authorities predicted imminent exhaustion of our oil resources—all the prophecies turning out wrong. They supply another table showing the increase, not decrease, of known reserves of most important minerals in the past two decades. Both computations reflect the fact that usable resources are a function of human prowess and desire, rather than fixed, diminishing assets.

But if that be so, why haven't our resources kept pace of late with our improved technology and the pressures of demand? Some of the answers may be obtained from *Our Energy Future* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., $5.95) by Don E. Kash, Michael D. Devine, and others. Though this work is relentlessly low-keyed and technical, it clearly shows that large reserves of coal and oil and natural gas are out there waiting for us, if only we could get the technophobes and price controllers out of the roadbed. The careful reader of this study will come away with little doubt that the energy problems we confront are nearly all political in nature. □


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## SOBRAN

(Continued from page 713)

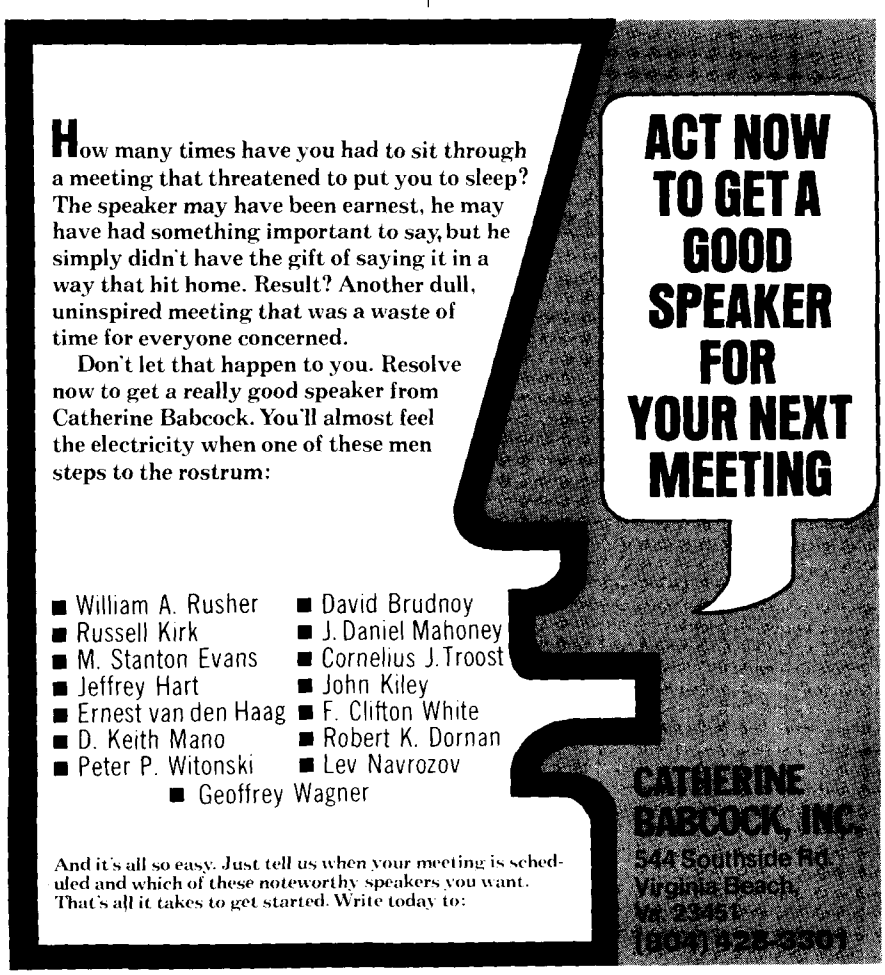
rial: we have Flasher Lib. (Courtesy of William Raspberry?)

What is needed is a systematic explication of the idea of obscenity, with reference to the related ideas of privacy, sexual morality and symbolism, and the authority of social convention. The word itself may never regain the consensus of particular reference it once had for, say, little Protestant communities, in which a jury could quickly agree on whether or not the exhibition of a woman's breasts constituted a punishable affront to decency; but this is all the more reason for a careful general definition.

Nor is there any reason why local communities could not set their own standards. Publishers and distributors would simply have to determine where their wares might be sold, just as liquor companies must learn to coexist with occasional dry counties, and makers of deodorants are now learning where aerosol spray cans are outlawed. That this might in a marginal case put a publisher out of business is too bad, but beside the point. That enough "benighted places" (the phrase is from former Justice William O. Douglas, who was more confident of his ability to determine "benightedness" than "obscenity") could result in making it unprofitable to publish *Ulysses* is regrettable, but, after all, one of those little chances we take in life: specifically, it is the risk entailed by self-government. Localized government may result in local benightment, but no more than centralized government produces general benightment. Get enough backward voters in Georgia, and you wind up with Governor Carter. Get enough backward voters in the United States, and you wind up with President Carter. (The point may be strengthened, for some readers, by substituting the name of Richard Nixon.)

Perhaps obscenity should, for measured reasons, be tolerated. But sloganeering about free speech, or simply dismissing the notion of decency—which is nothing but the idea of privacy applied to public situations—will not do. Free public discussion is a good, even a precious thing, but that is distinct from the commercial display of the human body, and moreover (to judge from the quality of the discussion of the Flynt case) isn't all it is cracked up to be. The combination of Flynt himself and the torrent of sheer clichés he has inspired is enough to give the First Amendment a bad name.

How debasing it is to liberty when we equate its fruition with its exercise by the cynical. Those who fought for freedom of speech did so *not* because they were indifferent to what might be done with it, but because they held and cherished an ideal of civil conversation. The "exceptions" to absolute license, scandalous though they may be to Warren Beatty, were not an anomalous residue of suppression; they were part of the rule itself. Freedom was good so far as it tended to promote a certain *kind* of utterance—and of course this meant tolerating a good deal of speech that fell short of, and even violated, the norms of civility. It is prudent to make distinctions; and they must be applied with prudence. But an undistinguishing libertarianism, refusing to prefer the philosopher over the smut-peddler, or the democrat's error over the totalitarian's lie, is as confused as an anarchism that would insist that we are truly free only when we abolish all law. A society in which parliamentary disciplines are abrogated will soon descend into a shouting contest. A society that observes those disciplines deserves its liberty. ☐



How many times have you had to sit through a meeting that threatened to put you to sleep? The speaker may have been earnest, he may have had something important to say, but he simply didn't have the gift of saying it in a way that hit home. Result? Another dull, uninspired meeting that was a waste of time for everyone concerned.
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### Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MALCOLM JOHNSON:

*American Jurors*

Court practice too often places . . . jurors a notch or two below the criminal being tried. . . . What kind of justice is it that permits locking up a juror on the presumption that he's approachable and purchasable, while the defendant is left free on bail under presumption that he's innocent? (Actual title, *Criminal Treated Better Than American Jury.*)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

# On The Right

## Carter at Notre Dame

*New York*, May 26—President Carter's address at Notre Dame has caused not a little confusion among serious readers in Europe, who are accustomed to scrutinizing presidential documents carefully, on the assumption that there is something there worth examining. Mr. William Safire has given us the acronym MEGO, for My Eyes Glaze Over, which words are limned before him whenever he is handed a hefty bureaucratic document saying, for the most part, nothing, for the most part at great length. The press officer at the White House might, for the relief of world leaders, devise a stamp marked: DBTR—Don't Bother To Read. It would be appropriate to a distressing number of addresses on foreign policy by President Carter, who, at Notre Dame last week, delivered the worst speech since he addressed the United Nations.

*"Being confident of our own future, we are now free of that inordinate fear of Communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear."*

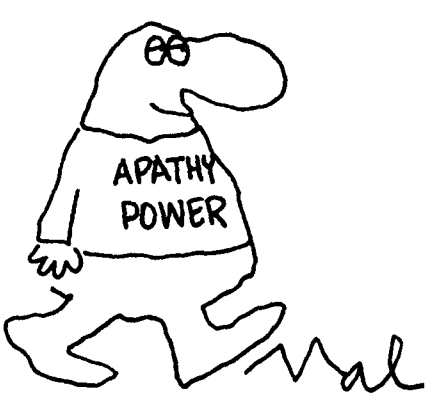
WHAT'S WRONG with that sentence?

1. We are *not* confident of our own "future," whatever that means, exactly. During the past four years, most American military men who have occupied positions of authority have looked with increasing anxiety at the relative increase in the tactical and strategic military strength of the Soviet Union. Henry Kissinger is on record as using such words as "catastrophic" to describe Communist political and military advances in Indochina, in Africa, and in Europe. President Carter's advisor on security affairs, Mr. Brzezinski, as recently as four years ago described the Western situation as bad and getting worse.

2. What *is* an "inordinate" fear of Communism? Was the doctrine of containment, as formulated by George Kennan, an expression of such an inordinate fear? Is Mr. Carter saying that the Communists' appetite to increase their influence has been overestimated? Or is he saying that when such an appetite is in fact satisfied, things aren't all that bad? If the former, how does he account for it that during very recent times Communist, or Marxist, or neo-Communist, forces have brought the greatest per capita suffering in the history of the world to the people of Cambodia? That South Vietnam has been tyrannized? That states that call themselves Marxist-Leninist have abolished such freedoms as there were in Mozambique and in Angola?

3. To whom did he refer when he spoke of "embracing" any dictator who "joined us" in our fear? Franco? Franco's fear was as genuine as anybody's would be whose direct experience with Communists was during a civil war in which a fair percentage of the national population was slaughtered. Salazar? His fear of Communism hardly proved inordinate. Not long after his death, the Communists made their move there and only narrowly missed subjugating the Portuguese people, during which period there was dire talk in NATO and in Washington about the neutralization of the NATO alliance. The dictators we are nowadays willing to embrace —those who preside over China, Russia, Eastern Europe, Mozambique, Vietnam, Cuba—are not dictators who fear Communism, but who exult in Communism, and who show an understandable contempt for Westerners who give silly speeches, as if to say that not fearing the Communists' swordpoint will have the effect of dulling it.

WHAT'S THE matter with Carter the Speechmaker? *"For too many years we have been willing to adopt the flawed principles and tactics of our adversaries, sometimes abandoning our values for theirs. We fought fire with fire, never thinking that fire is better fought with water."* Now what on earth does that long rhetorical gargle mean? Even as Commencement Day prose, it sticks in the throat. If we want to fight fire with water, then let the President call for abolishing the Pentagon and replacing it with a bed of posies. Every time we have used water on the Soviet Union, we have germinated a fresh Soviet colony. The "principles and tactics of our adversaries" may very well be flawed, but these are the men of blood and guts and hatred who control over half the world, dominate the military scene, intimidate the flower children, and, by their awful presence, show up presidential rhetoric at its commensurately awful worst. □




### THE ORDEAL OF ANDY YOUNG

*New York*, June 2 —Everywhere they ask: "What do you think of Andrew Young?"

1. He is said to be a most engaging man. So was Harvey, the wonderful character who was always mistaking himself for a rabbit and who was everybody's best friend. I will go to see *Harvey* as long as James Stewart revives it on Broadway. Andrew Young is, in the judgment of this observer, somewhere between an innocent and a naïf. Only an innocent could explain his apparent indifference to world Communism by saying he never felt threatened by it. I doubt he was ever threatened by smallpox, but you would like to think he would nevertheless react intelligently to a world epidemic. And of course he is naïve if he believes that stabilization is what happens when Soviet-dominated troops enter a territory.

This is true only in the sense in which you can say that the Communists stabilized Czechoslovakia in 1948, the Nazis stabilized the Sudetenland in 1938, and the Ku Klux Klan stabilized the South after the Civil War.

2. His negritude, worn on his sleeve, is not merely distracting. It is counterproductive, and racially offensive. The whole purpose of the civil rights movement in America is to bring on equality. It is, to use the Court's phrase, intended to make the country color-blind. Andrew Young sometimes supposes himself to be the representative of the black American community in the United Nations. He isn't. Daniel Patrick Moynihan wasn't a representative of the Irish community when he served in the United Nations. But Andrew Young, who arrived in Africa giving the Black Power salute, identified himself not

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only with American blacks, but with a relatively small segment of American blacks. About as many American blacks give the Black Power salute as sing in minstrel shows. Moreover, the rhetoric he used in Africa is straight out of the old song books of the Black Panthers. ". . . When you talk about the infant mortality rate, when you talk about the presence of disease, when you talk about malnutrition that is the result of systematic oppression and death dealing, then you have to relate the violence of a military situation . . . to the total violence of the situation." That was Young in Africa.

Elsewhere he found Idi Amin and Ian Smith "similar," which is the same as saying that Jan Smuts and Papa Doc Duvalier were similar. Throughout his tour, he was a Catherine-wheel of black bombast, suggesting boycotts here, comparing Jimmy Carter to Afrikaners there, announcing that in the United States the racial climate was in some ways more "brutal" than in South Africa until recently. He was, so to speak, SNCC's representative to Africa, which is not what he was appointed to be, nor what he is paid to be.

3. It is both reassuring and alarming that, under the circumstances, he has become not a fighting word in America, but something of a pet. A pet bulldog. NATIONAL REVIEW, a fortnight ago, reproduced the first sentence of an editorial in the *New York Times*—"Ambassador Andrew Young announced in Michigan today that he would continue to speak out candidly . . ."—under NATIONAL REVIEW's own headline: "Terrorist Threat of the Week." In Europe, during January and February, Andy Young got big headlines in the scary sections of the papers, together with accompanying editorials of hushed and apprehensive gravity, all of which asked the same question: Does Andy Young represent the President of the United States?

Eventually, the White House had tactfully dissociated itself from Young sufficiently to quiet this particular worry. The press went on to Phase II: Isn't it scandalous, they would now say, that the President has an ambassador who so regularly is an embarrassment to him and says things that clearly the President would not himself say? But a scandal, if it goes on and on, becomes, somehow, less scandalous. And this is especially so in the current situation because

4. Mr. Young is ambassador to an organization that is so morally inert, it is hard to tease a scandal out of it. The United Nations, a writer who served there recently observed (it was I), is the most impacted institutional hypocrisy in the history of the world. Ostensibly dedicated to enlarging human freedom, it is not only silent but sycophantic toward those powers that practice most diligently the repression of human freedom. To this assessment of the United Nations there is increasing agreement, from Right to Left. Andy Young becomes just plain Harvey in virtue of the increased disposition of Americans simply not to care what our ambassador to the United Nations says about anything. □

## DO YOU KNOW OR HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN BILL SHANNON?

*New York*, June 6—It happens three or four times a year, the office gets the phone call, and my secretary gives me the word. A member of one of our myriad security forces wants a word with me about Mr. Jones or Miss Cadwallader, who has been appointed to this or that federal post, and now must submit to a routine security clearance. If the FBI agent (or State Department security official, or whoever) asks to see you, it is not because you have maintained private files over the years, photographing a subversive list in the travels of your friends. It means only that you have had some contact, personal or professional, with the subject under study, and that you were by coincidence there when Mr. Jones got drunk at the bar and, talking to this here Soviet trade expert, arranged the peanuts on the bar counter to illustrate the deployment of our nuclear submarine fleet.

And of course you are yourself from time to time the object of such scrutiny. It was in 1973 that an agent of the FBI telephoned my colleague William Rusher. Rusher, who is impatient with time-consuming formalities, groaned, reminding the agent that questions about me had been put to Rusher as recently as 1969 in connection with another appointment. "I know, I know, Mr. Rusher," the agent said. "But we are required to ask whether Mr. Buckley might have done anything since 1969 to embarrass the Nixon Administration." Mr. Rusher is a trained polemicist, but even if he had not been, his comment was inescapable: "No. But the Nixon Administration has done a great deal since 1969 to embarrass Mr. Buckley."

But the other day, the agent (from the State Department security office) pulled a new one on me. He had come to discuss with me one William V. Shannon, a local terrorist who writes editorials for the *New York Times* and has been nominated as our ambassador to Ireland. The agent stopped me before I could open my mouth, and said, "Mr. Buckley, I must warn you that, under the 1974 Privacy Act, anything you say about Mr. Shannon that is derogatory will go into his folder, to which he will have access." That struck me as an ironic arrangement. Here Bill Shannon has been writing about me off and on for 15 years in the *New York Times* in unsigned editorials, and if I marched over there and stormed into the building demanding to know just who had written the piece saying that in my race for mayor of New York I was appealing to the "baser instincts of the people," I'd have been told to go away: there is an honorable tradition behind the unsigned editorial.

But now, under the 1974 act, if you feel the obligation to pass along an animadversion on somebody, you might as well be prepared to print it, and I doubt that that is what security is intended to accomplish. It is always a depressing business to give out bad reports. The extra strain of having to give them out in what amounts to an open letter addressed to the person being looked at is for most people, I suspect, marginal. One speaks to FBI agents and State Department security officials only out of a sense of civic duty, and with confidence that a disparaging report will be thoroughly checked out and rationally evaluated. If you say about Jones, in answer to the question, "Have you ever seen him drunk?": "Yes, at the bachelor party before his wedding," you will both have told the truth—an obligation of sorts—and supplied the context within which what you say has a chance of being amply understood.

ALL OF THESE prolegomena remind me that the pressure of the recent event was entirely hypothetical. I racked my mind trying to think of something derogatory to say about William Shannon, but for the life of me I couldn't. Needless to say, I told the agent, his politics (he is a liberal Democrat) are impossible. A week does not go by that I don't pray to St. Jude for William Shannon. St. Jude is the patron saint of the impossible. It is to St. Jude, for instance, that you pray that the Supreme Court will discover the meaning of the Constitution of the United States.

But to move from editorial writer for the *New York Times* to a position with the Carter Administration is a step in the evolutionary process, hardly a mutation. What else can one expect? If you begin with the idiopathic ascendancy of Jimmy Carter, you accept a *New York Times* editorial writer as ambassador. After all, we are talking about an Administration in which Bella Abzug was offered several jobs. Indeed, Senator Moynihan said publicly he would recommend her for *any* federal post. I have privately lobbied for Bella as Chief of Protocol, but my recommendation has not been taken seriously. But as to Shannon, it is not the job of people consulted by security to approve or disapprove, so it did no harm for me to say about him that he is a first class writer and first class human being. I only hope it did not hurt him. □

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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. One of Shakespeare's female characters — 67 132 8 160 172 91 15

B. A collection of William Sydney Porter's short stories — 89 4 13 57 54 184 108 117 51 39 / 44 49 85 100

C. English diarist (1620-1706) — 119 125 177 222 149 47

D. A volatile liquid hydrocarbon mixture used chiefly as a solvent or diluent — 151 30 10 93 88 136 220

E. Paper owned by Porter (fol. *The*) — 168 181 195 210 3 50 113 187 198 97 / 16 33

F. A type of ship — 182 101 65 122 94

G. A collection of Porter's short stories — 193 38 28 1 98 131 24 185 207 221 / 118 139 164 14

H. In a likely manner — 205 56 99 179 223

I. A resident of Latvia — 79 90 21 25

J. A Hebrew measure used in Old Testament times — 214 129 166 72 199

K. Gave a tenth — 217 9 140 144 128 34

L. An American Revolutionary hero — 219 62 69 209 112 150 196 171 228 20

M. Floated in the air in seeming defiance of the law of gravity — 103 200 22 111 68 41 173 226 192

N. Canines of the upper jaw — 123 42 167 114 186 175 130 225

O. One of Porter's short stories — 48 161 76 82 138 55 26 32 37 58 / 86 5

P. A slave to a drug — 137 147 157 102 61 133

Q. Porter's only long story — 162 212 158 180 190 73 126 153 52 206 / 6 127 35 215 92 104

R. Aimless — 174 74 189 134 105 81 155 116 152

S. Absolute — 188 78 121 46 83

T. A collection of Porter's short stories — 7 141 218 23 31 59 109 159 176 115 / 146 170 191 194 211 77

U. One of Porter's short stories — 96 2 18 27 36 53 12 75 106 120 / 148 156 213 216 43 64 71 80 142

V. Plot in which a poet might become involved — 227 45 95 201 204 197 17 66 70 208 / 60

W. What too many palms are — 11 143 183 203 124

X. The sister of Alice and Allegra — 19 84 145 154 163

Y. Provoked — 29 63 169 165 178 135 107

Z. A small bag used by sailors — 40 87 202 224 110

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 739 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 G | 2 U | 3 E | 4 B | 5 O | 6 Q | 7 T | 8 A | 9 K | 10 D | | 11 W | 12 U | | 13 B | 14 G | | 15 A | 16 E |
| 17 V | 18 U | 19 X | 20 L | 21 I | | 22 M | 23 T | 24 G | 25 I | 26 O | 27 U | | 28 G | 29 Y | 30 D | 31 T | 32 O | 33 E | 34 K |
| | 35 Q | 36 U | | 37 O | 38 G | 39 B | | 40 Z | 41 M | 42 N | 43 U | | 44 B | 45 V | 46 S | 47 C | | 48 O | 49 B |
| 50 E | | 51 B | 52 Q | 53 U | | 54 B | 55 O | | 56 H | 57 B | 58 O | 59 T | 60 V | 61 P | 62 D | | 63 Y | 64 U | 65 F |
| 66 V | | 67 A | 68 M | 69 L | 70 V | 71 U | | 72 J | 73 Q | 74 R | 75 U | 76 O | 77 T | 78 S | | 79 I | 80 U | 81 R | 82 O |
| 83 S | 84 X | 85 B | | 86 O | 87 Z | 88 D | 89 B | | 90 I | 91 A | 92 Q | 93 D | 94 F | 95 V | 96 U | 97 E | 98 G | 99 H | |
| 100B | 101F | 102P | 103M | 104Q | | 105R | 106U | 107Y | | 108B | 109T | 110Z | 111M | 112L | 113E | | 114N | 115T | 116R |
| 117B | 118G | 119C | 120U | | 121S | 122F | 123N | 124W | 125C | 126Q | | 127Q | 128K | 129J | 130N | | 131G | 132A | |
| 133P | 134R | 135Y | | 136D | 137P | 138Q | 139G | 140K | | 141T | 142U | | 143W | 144K | 145X | 146T | | 147P | 148U |
| 149C | | 150L | 151D | 152P | | 153Q | 154X | 155R | 156U | 157P | | 158Q | 159T | | 160A | 161Q | 162Q | 163X | |
| 164G | 165Y | 166J | 167N | 168E | | 169Y | 170T | 171L | 172A | | 173M | 174R | 175N | | 176T | 177C | 178Y | 179H | 180Q |
| 181E | 182F | | 183W | 184B | 185G | 186N | 187E | | 188S | 189R | | 190Q | 191T | 192M | | 193G | 194T | 195E | 196L |
| 197V | | 198E | 199J | 200M | 201V | | 202Z | 203W | 204V | | 205H | 206Q | 207G | 208V | 209L | 210E | 211T | | 212Q |
| 213U | 214J | | 215Q | 216U | 217K | | 218T | 219L | 220D | 221G | 222C | 223H | | 224Z | 225N | 226M | 227V | 228L | |



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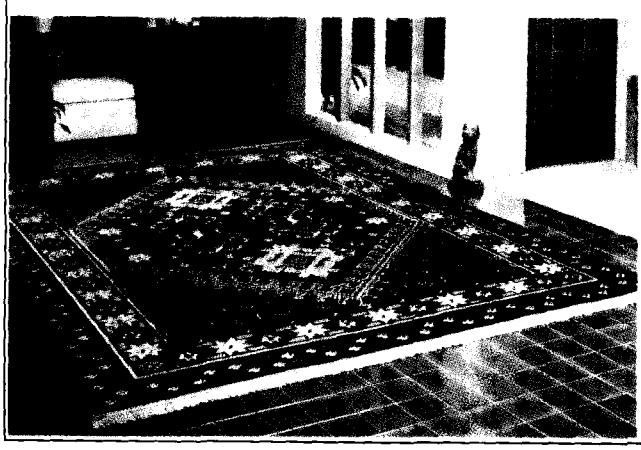
# Milliken announces works of art you can step on.

There's no better way to describe our area rugs.

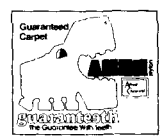
That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple, but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.



Then there's the Mazagan. A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

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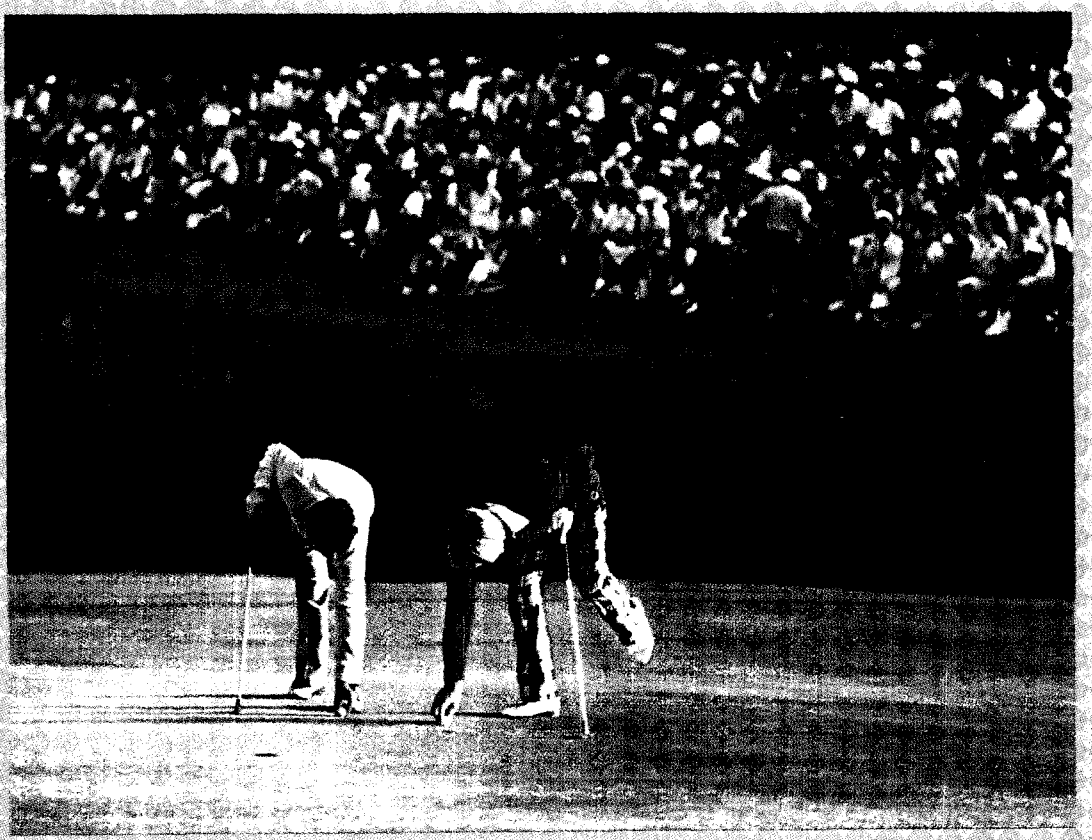
*"Eagle on the 17th,
birdie on the 18th,
and a $50,000 purse in the bag.
What more could you ask for?"*

*"Old Grand-Dad."*



Head of the Bourbon Family.

# Old Grand-Dad. When you ask a lot more from life.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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